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NOTES.

Mr George Wyndham was a little unlucky in his second speech at Dover on Wednesday night, for while he was talking about "the great silence of reconciliation," Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was fulminating against the Government in the Manchester Free Trade Hall. We do not in the least complain of the leader of the Opposition, who agrees with Lord Rosebery that you must not speak to the man at the helm, but stipulates that the pilot in question is Sir George White and not Mr. Chamberlain. These nautical metaphors, like most others, always lead to confusion: for according to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, no language is too strong to condemn "the helmsman, and the crew, and the captain who have steered us right into the middle of the tornado." Sir Henry's dilemma, on the horns of which he seeks to impale the Government, is plainly put. Either the Cabinet saw the storm coming or they did not. If they did not, they were fools: if they did, then they neglected to make adequate preparations, and are criminals.

If we could only drop these figures about storms and pilots, we should see at once that the distinction between criticising the conduct of the campaign and the policy that led up to it is sound and reasonable. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's argument is that either the Government should have sent out no troops at all in the summer, or they should have sent out the whole Army Corps. What they did was, according to Sir Henry, to negotiate about the franchise, and at the same time to send out reinforcements, which were not large enough to meet an ultimatum, but were just enough to convince the Boers that we did not mean peace. This, we admit, is very effective criticism, but we think the answer to it is that no Government can make war in these days without public opinion at its back. Had the Government despatched the Army Corps in the summer, the feeling in the country would have been against not for it, and we should have presented the dangerous spectacle of a divided nation. The desire to avoid this was not a cowardly fear of the Opposition, but a recognition of the conditions of modern statecraft.

Lord Kimberley is "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," and it is not in his nature to say anything bitter of anybody. But besides this constitutional good-nature, Lord Kimberley is what

lawyers call "estopped" from any very severe criticism of our South African policy by the fact that of all living statesmen he is the most to blame for the Convention of 1881. This Lord Kimberley admitted at Newcastle in the frankest way, and he also recalled the fact that in those days Mr. Chamberlain was his most strenuous supporter in the Cabinet and the House of Commons. With kindly chivalry Lord Kimberley refused to say anything harsh about Mr. Chamberlain, whom he credited with a sincere desire to avoid war. Lord Kimberley fastened on Lord Wolseley's admission that the Boers had turned out to be stronger and more numerous than we anticipated, and he asked what the Intelligence Department had been about for the last four years. That is precisely the question we put last week in this Review.

The commander of the new division has a large South African experience. Among the infantry divisional commanders, he will be remarkable as being the only one who does not belong to that arm. Sir Charles Warren is an Engineer; but he has been other things too. His war service includes the Zulu, Kaffir and Egyptian campaigns; and he commanded the bloodless Bechuanaland expedition of 1884. He has been chief of the Metropolitan Police, and has commanded troops in the Straits Settlements and at Chatham. The last occasion in which he was prominently before the public was when he commanded a somewhat notorious division in the New Forest manœuvres of 1895. It is to be hoped that more care will be taken to provide against injury to the horses in transport in the case of the new division than has hitherto been done. Apart from the cruelty in certain recent cases, the pecuniary loss in horses has been considerable.

A grosser violation of the rules of civilised warfare than that related by Sir George White last week could not well be conceived. It goes far towards confirming rumours of Boer treachery which hitherto we have been loth to accept. In this case there could have been no mistake. Our flag was sent out to meet one of theirs, and it was fired upon before it had returned to its own lines. Needless to say no one supposes General Joubert to have been a consenting party to these barbarities. But when such things are done, an army cannot be surprised if it is condemned and distrusted as a whole. As to the subject of flags of truce generally, there seems to be some misapprehension. It is

often thought that a flag of truce is at all times inviolable. But there are cases when a belligerent is justified in firing upon one, and in view of possible contingencies which may occur in the future, it is as well that this should be realised.

Belligerents have the right of refusing to receive a flag of truce—a necessary consequence of their undoubted right to enter into negotiations with an enemy. If they receive one, they are under the strict obligation of ensuring the safety of the party until it has returned within its own lines. The usual mode of procedure is this. The side which sends out a flag of truce should halt and cease fire, and the opposite side may receive them or not as it pleases. In the former case, they should signal to that effect, and cease fire also. But in the latter, they should, as soon as possible, signal the bearers of the flag to retire; and if this request is not at once complied with, they are justified in firing. Similarly on the march, a side may refuse to receive a flag, as the French did after Montebello in 1859. To have received it would have given some important information to the Austrians. When an army is in position a flag of truce, passing the sentry-line without permission, can be fired on. Finally if one side suspects—though there must be the clearest proof—that the flag is sent out merely to obtain surreptitious information or commit an act of treachery, its bearers can be treated as spies, and dealt with accordingly.

An interesting light is thrown on the seamy side of Irish politics by the remarks of The O'Connor Don at the last meeting of the Roscommon County Council. In the absence of their chairman, the Council, in obedience to the Dublin wire-pullers, had passed a resolution in favour of the Boers. At the next meeting The O'Connor Don was back in the chair and after refusing to sign the minutes containing the resolution he proceeded to give them a lecture. Not only said he were they as Nationalists utterly ruining all their chances in England by such silly vapouring but they had not even the merit of being sincere. At that very moment he knew that some of the supporters of the resolution were doing their best to be put on the commission of the peace, a necessary preliminary of which was that they should take the oath of allegiance, and yet they had not the courage to avow their real feelings and throw the resolution into the wastepaper basket. The Irish rural politician has two ambitions, to keep well with the mob by being wildly extreme and unpractical in politics and then at a suitable moment to use the political influence thus gained as a platform from which to step off to the yet higher dignity of a "J. P." or a minor Government official. But he does not like to have it talked about so publicly.

Judging from the calm that reigns on the Boulevards, one would suppose that Paris is still too much depressed and demoralised to be stirred by the meeting of the Chamber and the proceedings in the High Court. False alarms are spread every day: mostly as to the state of affairs in the Transvaal. The capitulation of Ladysmith, for instance, was announced on Tuesday night, and the news inspired M. Drumont once more to illuminate his windows. Next day, however, the report was denied—but with the prediction that the capitulation was only a matter of hours. And, day-by-day, Paris hears that news is confirmed, then contradicted—until no one knows what to believe and everyone refers angrily to this "sacré" Transvaal. Idlers assembled before the Palais Bourbon on Tuesday afternoon, "comme autrefois." As well-known deputies passed, the same old jokes and the same old libels were repeated; within, the same old scenes took place. No sooner was M. Deschanel established, than the so-called patriots made him the butt of their inexhaustible abuse and insults, the President, however, was wise enough to ignore their cries—reserving severe measures, evidently, for later on. It was noticeable that the Nationalists, anti-Semites and Clericals worked together throughout the sitting, but M. Waldeck-Rousseau seems to have gained many new supporters since the prorogation of the Chamber last July, and Thursday's vote shows

that his enemies will not succeed, as easily as they imagined, in bringing about his fall.

Although General Galliffet is no orator, his "defence"—as M. Rochefort is pleased to term it—was comprehensive and to the point. He "regretted" nothing; were it necessary, he would "do" it all over again. He had acted in the interests of the prosperity and peace of the Republic. Wise was it to run through the list of officers whom he had punished and deposed; such a step must have impressed at least the people with the amazing impudence, and almost insubordination, of men like Generals Négrier and Hardschmidt. "The army," said the Minister of War, "has no right to speak," and, referring to the case of General Roget, went on, "The General speaks well, but he spoke too much." The effect of General Galliffet's speech on public opinion should be happy and great: it was at once simple and straightforward, it should certainly attract more attention, and impress the people more, than M. Rochefort's criticism of it which, after utterly misrepresenting its meaning, described the present Cabinet thus—Waldeck-Rousseau, "Panama;" Galliffet, "Assassin;" Monis, "Escroc;" Lanessan, "Flibustier."

The stern reprimand administered to the unruly audience in the High Court by M. Fallières will no doubt put an end to the singing of the "Marseillaise" and the cries of "Vive Déroulède!" Nothing could have been more out of keeping with traditions of the Sénat; but it becomes a thousand times worse when we remember that the Sénat is now a High Court with the power to judge, acquit or condemn. The truth is that men like Guérin and Déroulède—both fanatics, almost lunatics—are far too riotous and reckless to be dealt with like ordinary prisoners, and that M. Fallières—through fear of the press and also for want of legal experience—is unable to treat them as they deserve. On several occasions, both agitators have addressed the bench and audience during the case for the prosecution, and although M. Fallières protested, he could not stop them. Indeed, his health is breaking down, and it is extremely unlikely that he will be able to remain in his place until the end of the case.

It is easy to assess the true value of the rumoured seizure of Herat by Russia. Such a step would amount to a declaration of war with England and will not be taken till Russia is prepared for that contingency. Nor is it conceivable that Russia should so involve herself out of sympathy with the Boers, towards whom she can at most feel that calculated affection which one entertains for an enemy's enemy. The motive of the rumours must be sought not in Africa but in Asia. Japan is threatening hostilities and the project for a Russian railway through Persia with a Russian port on the Persian Gulf is again taking shape. Accordingly it is opportune to remind England that she has her weak spots in Asia besides her troubles in Africa. So the strings are pulled. The unfortunate truth at the bottom is that Russia is now in a position to pounce on Herat whenever she is prepared to pay the price of the movement.

There is much more probability that some practical advance has been accomplished at the other end of the frontier in Kashgar. At this corner where three empires meet the Russian agents have undoubtedly been active. English travellers have been repulsed and English influence undermined. Two Russian officers who have descended through Gilgit were recently making notes at Simla. It is unlikely that any political annexation has yet been effected but Russia has her own means for effective occupation without diplomatic notification. She is not confronted at this point by a treaty frontier, a watchful Amir and a European Power as strong as herself. A menace to Kashgar is a hint to China as well as to Great Britain. The Chinese officials in Kashgar are sure to be pliable. We may look for expansion along this line of low resistance.

The elections held in fifteen out of forty-five American States show a large majority in favour of the

Republicans. In Ohio they win by 50,000 votes. As we indicated last week, the efforts made by the President's party in his own State have been of such a character as to rob the victory of all distinction in the eyes of rightly thinking people. But, whatever the inducements or pressure employed, the victory is there, which is the great thing in the view of the party manager. Mr. Bryan refuses to accept the results as indicating any general agreement with the foreign policy of the President. This seems to us to be the cheery optimism of the good party leader desiring to keep up the spirits of his followers rather than a legitimate deduction from undeniable facts. Local and personal issues no doubt had a considerable bearing on the results in some of the States, but it would seem futile to deny that for the present the new "expansionist" policy has the approval of the electorate in one-third of the Union. What result many months more of lingering war in the Philippines might have on the Presidential election it is difficult to forecast. It would seem that in the present temper of the electors a vigorous prosecution and speedy termination of the war, and not its abandonment, would be the pledge required from a candidate who wished to succeed.

Devonport should be getting very respectable; at least it can claim with Dogberry to have "had losses" to a quite gentlemanly extent. The thousand pounds which so mysteriously disappeared from the "Niobe's" money-chest was followed by the absolutely unaccountable "leakage" from the Dockyard oil-tank of several hundred gallons of olive oil: and now the captain of the "Maggie" has been made to suffer personally by the abstraction of a quantity of valuables from his cabin. Scotland Yard has in each of the above cases been endeavouring to penetrate the mystery—hitherto without result. The latest loss at Devonport, however, does not come within the province of the police. It appears that a large quantity of water being discovered the other day in the fore compartment of the "Juno," measures were immediately taken to expel the same. This the ship's own pumps very successfully accomplished; but, by some inexplicable inadvertence or neglect, the water, instead of being discharged overboard, was forced into the adjoining compartment, which happened unfortunately to be the provision-room, so that some thousand pounds worth of stores were very effectually destroyed. Presumably there will be an inquiry into this mishap.

In a short time the military defences of the kingdom will be mainly in the hands of the militia. Here is an unexampled opportunity to increase the efficiency of the force. But the authorities should not be too ambitious. What militia officers require above all things is to thoroughly learn the A B C of their work, and how to manage men. In too many cases militia companies are run by the permanent staff colour-sergeants, and not by the captains. In fact the system to a large extent encourages this. To collect militia at Aldershot and put it through a long and arduous course would, unless the general were a man of exceptional capacity and tact, be a mistake. But much could be done, and perhaps even better than in a big camp, at out-stations towards improving marching and shooting. A proportion of men at least might be put through a course of field training. They should be worked hard while embodied, but it should be done judiciously, and not overdone.

A tunnel under the Thames from Rotherhithe to Shadwell will provide a useful means of communication; and the County Council, having resolved in April to seek Parliamentary powers to construct the tunnel, could scarcely rescind its resolution in November. But £2,198,250 is a large sum of money, and the Council committed itself to the expenditure without adequate consideration of its other obligations, present and prospective. When the scheme first came forward the Council was urged, but in vain, to delay its decision until the Finance Committee had presented a comprehensive report upon the whole financial position. Now that a belated report is made it seems a surprise to

many councillors that the commitments for improvements bridges and tunnels exceed £12,000,000, and that an outlay of £3,000,000 for main drainage is imminent. Yet the little bill, which the Council is proposing to draw upon the ratepayers, undoubtedly exceeds £15,000,000 for what is called unproductive expenditure and £50,000,000 for what is expected to be productive expenditure upon water supply and tramways. The Finance Committee under a Progressive régime is restricted to the humble, if necessary, functions of signing cheques and keeping accounts. But it ought to act as a financial mentor restraining the zeal of the spending committees. It should do for the Council what the Treasury does for the Imperial Government.

One item of prospective expenditure of which we have heard nothing lately is the cost of a new county hall. This on the most moderate estimate means an outlay of £1,000,000, and it is improbable that a suitable site for building could be obtained for anything like that sum. But the Council's work continues to grow largely, and in the interests of economy and good government its staff should be housed under one roof. The expenditure must, therefore, be faced. Cannot a site be found in connexion with the new street from Holborn to the Strand? The island block, which will face the Strand on the one side and the new street on the other, offers an exceptional opportunity. Possibly the cost may be prohibitive, but the erection of a fine municipal building on that spot would lend character and importance to the new thoroughfare. That is a point worth the consideration of the Council which will have a large number of building sites to dispose of in the neighbourhood.

Sir John Wolfe Barry in his address at the opening meeting of the Society of Arts returned to the subject with which he dealt last year, the necessity for improved intercommunication in the streets and thoroughfares of London. Who talks of the limitations of the imagination in face of a scheme of a grand street 125 feet wide and $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long opening up direct communication between East and West, at a cost of five millions and three-quarters, or with subsidiary connexions, of over seven million pounds? Statistics of money lost by the present inconveniences of traffic and of the immense savings to be gained by their removal he gives galore. But we hardly need converting on this point. The question is where is the money coming from? Sir John's answer is, from the retention by the County Council of the ground rents of the frontages and the surplus land on the line of the street for a period of sixty years.

It is seldom that the Lord Chief Justice does not take the leading part on his own stage, but at the Sheriff pricking last Monday, to which the Chief's Court was given up, the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in his official robes of gold and silk, supported by Mr. Justice Grantham in the ordinary judicial blue cloth robe with ermine cuffs and the red "gun case" fixed diagonally across, and by Messrs. Justices Bruce and Bigham dressed to suit their convenience and the dullness of the occasion in black gowns. The function bore witness to the general improvement in the times and in the trade of the country since there were only one or two applications for relief on the ground of agricultural distress whereas there are generally several.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn have certainly given just cause of complaint to hunters for clerical preferment and for those who respect the dignity of their Inn. Some months ago they issued an advertisement for a new chaplain to be appointed for five years, and their steward's office was consequently flooded with applications and testimonials, while the infinitesimal number of the junior members of the Inn who take the faintest interest in matters relating to the chapel were asking why in the name of common-sense the Rev. C. J. Ball, the well-known Hebraist, should suddenly lose a position which he has held to their perfect satisfaction for many years. In reappointing Mr. Ball the Benchers did the only thing possible, but the foolish advertisement must

yet detract from their dignity. The chapel for so many years associated with high and empty pews and the scholastic Protestantism of Dr. Wace can hardly succeed in any attempt to compete with the Temple Church as a centre where good music and low churchmanship can meet.

The exhibition of handwork from the various schools in connexion with the School Board for London, which Lord Reay opened last Wednesday at the Medical Examination Hall on the Embankment, was of singular interest and excellence. Here were examples of drawing, woodwork, needlework, cookery, laundrywork, and many other crafts; not mere picked specimens of some singularly apt pupils, but examples of the general average of work which the children in all the districts in London readily attain to. The result was literally amazing to anyone who has not followed carefully during the past few years the educational development that has steadily been going on in our elementary schools in these matters of hand and eye training. Critics may legitimately take exception to this or that form of training, but in the presence of these results it is impossible not to appreciate how great must be the value to a child of the habits of observation and of the deftness which these educational methods ensure.

The remarks of our Poet Laureate at the meeting of the Dante Society on Wednesday do not convey much new light to the Dante student. All that he had to say as to the function of Beatrice in the "Divine Comedy" was trite in the extreme, but he steered a wise course between the abstract and the real in which there is nothing original but much that is sensible. Whether the young lady who aspires to culture and is unable to lay its foundation in the ancient classics will find an adequate substitute in Dante is extremely doubtful, for to understand him a knowledge of Latin literature would seem to be essential. But any study of the "Divine Comedy" in this age of hurry and charlatanism cannot but be beneficial. Mr. Austin's indirect blows at popular writers of "slang" ballads which enjoy an undue popularity can only amuse the cynical. The great poet will never find but a small audience in proportion to the population. We may be thankful if the popular poet does nothing worse than stimulate patriotic feeling, even though its expression be somewhat blatant. It would be interesting to know Dante's views on literary log-rolling. In his interview with his old tutor, Brunetto Latini, in the *Inferno*, he shows a clear knowledge of the vanity of authors.

The Cromwell oration would have been more impressive had it been more impartial. True, it was avowedly a panegyric; so perhaps there was no need to tell the whole truth. But to proclaim that you are going to say as little as possible about the Protector's Irish policy because it could not be excused, and as little as possible about the execution of the King because it was a blunder, was a little too "thick" even in a panegyric. Then to claim for Cromwell the championship of toleration was merely to endorse the vulgar middle-class prejudice that thinks "broad-mindedness" is not impinged on by the most venomous hatred of the Roman Church. In short the speech has no value, unless to the speaker politically, except as a more or less agreeable literary performance. That it was none the less pleasing to the crowd of Radicals and Progressives who made up this great national celebration will readily be imagined.

But where were Dr. Parker, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, and the other "Free Church" lights, who should have adorned the platform? Their absence was ominous for the speaker's plans. Surely they had got wind of the turn he meant to give to the Cromwell tradition, and would have none of it. Or is it that they have not forgotten that Lord Rosebery keeps horses? However, Mr. Perks was there and a couple of Bishops, which must have gone a long way to console Lord Rosebery for the loss of the great unveiling ceremony, a glory whereof the discretion of Her Majesty's Government unkindly deprived him.

THE INFLUENCE OF ROYALTY.

IT is obvious that the visit of the German Emperor to the Queen was arranged long before the Samoan agreement was concluded. No doubt negotiations between the Cabinets of S. James and Berlin for a settlement of the difficulty in the Samoan islands had been begun at the time when William II. conceived the happy idea of bringing his consort and his two younger sons to see Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. But the two events, the treaty and the visit, are unconnected, and Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech cannot have had any special reference to the event of next week. Indeed it appears now to be settled that, although the German Emperor will be accompanied by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, his visit will be of a purely private character, and his well-known energy confined to the destruction of pheasants in the beautiful coverts of Windsor Park. We do not question the wisdom of this decision, though we should have been glad if the citizens of the metropolis had been afforded the opportunity of showing how completely they have forgotten and forgiven the unhappy cable to Mr. Kruger. But the very fact that the Emperor has merely come to pass a few quiet days at the ancient home of British royalty points the moral of our tale. The Heir Apparent of the British throne stands in the relation of uncle to the two most powerful monarchs in the world, the Emperor and the Tsar, who both call the sovereign of this empire by a venerable and affectionate name. These are facts of importance to others than the students of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

It is commonly supposed that the influence of royalty is incompatible with the spread of democratic ideas, the power of the press, and the extension of political rights. The reverse is the truth. The power of Queen Victoria in 1899 is without exaggeration more than twice as great as that of George IV. in 1827: William II. and Francis Joseph are incomparably greater personages than the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria in 1848. And this is not due in the main to the results of modern wars. The power of the British Empire, and therefore of the British sovereign, has of course been increased by the advancement by "leaps and bounds" of our wealth and population, and by judicious additions to our territory. The position of the King of Prussia has been improved into that of Emperor of Germany. But that the influence of royalty to-day is not a mere affair of numbers or territory or revenue is proved by the fact that the Emperor of Austria, who has lost provinces, is more respected in Europe than any of his predecessors. It may be said that the power of the present occupants of thrones is due, not to the institution of monarchy, but to their excellent personal characters. We agree that it is largely so; but we answer that a sovereign of bad personal character is in modern conditions almost an impossibility. Human nature being what it is, "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" has produced that benevolence and rectitude of character, which commands for the modern monarch the ungrudging loyalty of his subjects. So we come round again to the proposition that the institution of sovereignty works admirably in these democratic days. It is a striking but incontestable fact that monarchy is most in danger in the most illiterate countries, Spain and Portugal, where a large percentage of the people are unable to read. We should sum up by saying that the spread of education, the publicity of the press, and the participation by the masses in the duties of citizenship, have widened the area without diminishing the strength of kingly power.

In order to appreciate the truth of this conclusion it is only necessary to consider for a moment how grotesque has been the attempt of modern days to place the president of a republic upon a level with the crowned head. However powerful the republic may be, its president must always be to the royal personages, with whom he is occasionally forced into contact, "un monsieur," and nothing more. He is here to-day and gone to-morrow: his social position as a rule is such that, stripped of his office, he could not be presented at the Court of the sovereign who pretends to receive him as an equal. How is it possible that such a person

can be a power in diplomacy? We all know from personal experience what a large amount of the world's business depends upon personal friendships and antipathies and relationships. Why should we suppose that kings and emperors "vary from the kindly race of men" in their mode of transacting business? And it should be remembered that the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria do literally settle their countries' business, so to say, off their own bat. Nothing impresses the Englishman more than the fact that, whatever the Reichstag may say or do, in the end the German Emperor always gets his own way. The Queen of Great Britain is in the hands of her Ministers: but though, with that tact which distinguishes her, she never interferes in domestic politics, her influence in foreign affairs is perhaps greater than that of any Foreign Secretary. It is this friendly and sometimes affectionate intercourse of monarchs that preserves the best traditions of international comity and is the surest guarantee of the peace of Europe.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

IN the absence of authentic news from the seat of war, the main interest now centres in the arrival of the transports. Undoubtedly things are assuming a brighter aspect. It is well that a siege train is being organised, and that lyddite batteries are going out. They should prove highly effective. The 5th Division will soon have started on its way, and in the "Majestic" a splendid transport has been secured. The composite force of household cavalry, which takes the place of the 14th Hussars—in whose disappointment all sympathise—makes up a magnificent regiment. No army in the world could produce a finer. Long service still prevails in the household cavalry. Hence they have no reservists and for them mobilisation is not necessary. Recently there has been a lull in the operations—though Pretoria reports tell of an engagement near Ladysmith on the 9th. But it can only be the lull which precedes a storm. That Sir Redvers Buller should have been obliged to modify his original plans is regrettable: though as regards the wisdom of the step there can be no question. It was absolutely necessary both for political and military reasons to send reinforcements to Natal as soon as possible. The main advance through the Orange Free State will be delayed thereby, which is unfortunate but cannot be helped. Our Natal relieving force appears to number about 8,000 men—practically a division. The infantry is ready to hand; and the "Armenian" which left Cape Town for Natal on the 13th takes three field batteries and a divisional ammunition column—a fact which confirms the above estimate as to strength. There is unfortunately still a lack of cavalry, without which no forward movement can take place. It must be remembered, too, that both cavalry and artillery horses will not be fit for work immediately on landing, and then the transport has to be organised. And after this is done, much yet remains. Between Estcourt and Ladysmith there may be a tough piece of work. Especially will this be the case if, as is only too probable, the Boers have mined the Tugela bridges. The mishap to the armoured train at Chieveley is unfortunate. The loss was heavy but the incident is not of great importance. On the whole Ladysmith may now be considered safe, though there are indications that the Boer cordon is now more closely drawn than has hitherto been the case. Rumours that the Free State Boers are gradually returning to their farms must be received with extreme caution. As regards the Boer chances we must remember that with them it is a case of fire tactics alone. Neither their organisation nor their armament—they have no bayonets—lends itself to assaults. Heavy guns, unless in overwhelming numbers and admirably served, cannot overcome such a force as Sir George White has under him—grand regiments of young though not boyish soldiers, which contain no reservists, and which at the start must be better than those now arriving. For while in the reserve men undergo but a scanty training. What the Natal Army will do when Ladysmith is relieved is not yet clear. To storm the Drakensberg passes would be to play

into the Boers' hands, and would in any case involve heavy losses. Those however which could be spared from Natal could return by sea to some port in Cape Colony.

It is said that one great Basuto chief has joined the Boers. But, even if true, this does not by any means imply that the rest are against us. Tribal feuds and family jealousies must have entered largely into the matter, and though strife might ensue among the chiefs themselves, its effects need not be extensive. In the South we are to a large extent in the dark both as to the doings of Sir Redvers Buller and of the Boers. From Orange River a reconnaissance, which went out on the 10th under Colonel Gough, culminated in a skirmish with the enemy about nine miles east of Belmont, which is fifteen miles north of Orange River. Our force consisted of two 9th Lancers squadrons, a field battery and one company and a half of mounted infantry. The Boers, numbering some 700 men with one gun, were in position. Engaging the enemy with his artillery, Colonel Gough sent his mounted infantry to turn their flank and discover their laager. Eventually the British returned to camp with the loss of two officers killed, and two officers and two men wounded. Meanwhile at Kimberley all so far is well. The garrison is likely to hold out, and the Boer guns do practically no damage. Still the situation, in view of the fact that the Boers, neglecting Mafeking, may concentrate all their energies against it, is not devoid of anxiety. It is now reported that Sir Redvers Buller has ordered a forward movement for its relief. From Mafeking comes the most cheering news. A successful and brilliant night attack on the Boer trenches, where the British got home with their bayonets, is now authenticated. Certainly the spectacle of this gallant handful of men and their resourceful commander holding out against overwhelming odds is a proud one for Englishmen to contemplate. Still the Boers do not hitherto seem to have put much heart into this part of the campaign. Perhaps they are now beginning to realise that even the actual possession of a few isolated towns on their western frontier can affect but little the general issue. It is perhaps not premature to consider how long their ammunition supply will last; which, since it cannot be replenished, must become an important factor in the campaign. The threat which the Transvaal Government is said to have made as to shooting six British officers, if one supposed Boer spy is executed, will be reprobated by humanity. Such a proceeding would indeed be military vengeance of the most barbarous kind. We last heard from Ladysmith by heliograph—a most valuable instrument when the sun can be depended on. Though, generally speaking, we cannot too highly commend the strict censorship which has of late been the order of the day, we must regret that so much information as to the Natal reinforcements has been allowed to leak out.

THE LONDON HOUSING PROBLEM.

WE have no doubt that Lord Rosebery listened with a pleasure absolutely sincere to Mr. James Stuart's description of him as "the one man in the front rank in England who had thoroughly mastered the question of London government." No man, whether in the front or any other rank, could deserve this testimonial, for London is a world too complex, too exceptional, too much neglected in the past, for any man thoroughly to have mastered the question of its government. In this instance the adulation was especially unfortunate, for on the very next day Mr. Asquith, whom we presume Mr. Stuart would allow to be in the front rank, made a speech in St. Martin's Town Hall which went far to show that he had got nearer to the mastery of the most difficult of London problems than had Lord Rosebery, if we may judge by the Shoreditch speech, which seems to have got into the head of the local member. Mr. Asquith at any rate treated the subject seriously, and in so doing reflected the spirit of the meeting over which he was presiding. The Christian Social Union meant "business," as it always does; the Shoreditch function meant show. We all know that of the art of the light touch Lord Rosebery really is a master, and truly it is

pleasanter that most things should be touched lightly; but there are exceptions. One does not jest about death, and the phenomenon Lord Rosebery was discussing was quite as grave and hardly less gloomy than death itself. To tell people morally and socially drowning that you have an infallible plan for their rescue, to describe it, and then to tell them that the plan is unfortunately an impossible one, because there is no one to carry it out, is trifling of a kind that would hardly commend itself to men who cared for any of these things, unless it were to your regulation Radical politician. Fortunately for Lord Rosebery he was addressing an audience of vestrymen, and not of working-men whose life gives them a knowledge of the matters he was talking about.

It is of course perfectly obvious that if enough dwellings could be erected in the country adjacent to the county of London, if the working-men could be persuaded to prefer to live far from their work, if trains cheap enough and many enough could be provided, if incomers from the country were prevented from occupying the new dwellings, that would be done to solve the housing problem. But the "ifs" are of the essence of the matter. Local bodies, if they had the powers to buy land without the metropolis, could not do what is wanted, for the housing problem is one and not several. One of the reasons why we have not made greater advance with the question is that it has been taken piecemeal, it has been looked at now from one side, now from another; it has not been treated, barely regarded as a whole. The question of sanitary administration has been confounded with that of the provision of house-room. Laws which were made to prevent overcrowding have been applied to remedy it when it had already come into existence and, of course, with no useful result. Agencies, such as cheap transit, useful as a preventative, as a safety valve to population, have been mistaken for a radical cure.

To us, who do not pretend to a thorough mastery, only to an honest study of the housing question, it seems that the first step in the direction of its solution is the realisation that the evil, the disease, is actual want of house-room in London, in other words a house-famine. The disease is not the presence of slums and plague-spots; that is a different matter, to which serious and fairly successful effort has been directed by the County Council, and within their powers by the local authorities. But if every plague-spot were cleared and built over, the overcrowding would hardly even be lessened; possibly it might be aggravated. It is idle to suppose that either the present Housing Acts or health laws can cope with the existing overcrowding problem, which is not one of the kind to which they were intended to apply. The cardinal points of the situation are these; the present population of London; its present housing capacity, within the meaning of the by-laws of the Local Government Board. Work out the sum and it will be seen that in present circumstances overcrowding in London is absolutely unavoidable. The next step is, calculating the probable population at the end of fifty years, to work out the difference between the house-room required and the house-room available. The difference will give the exact housing problem to be solved. If house-room enough for the prospective population of a half-century hence were provided, the disease would be overtaken, and by means of suburban building, cheap transit, and the most vigorous enforcement of the existing law as to overcrowding, could be kept down. This, of course, is merely to state what requires to be done, which may seem but an easy cheap contribution to the discussion. But at least until we know what requires to be done we shall never do it. Once get the "faciendum" clearly formulated and all sorts of issues which have been brought into the discussion take their proper place. It really comes to this that half working-class London wants rebuilding. The miles of old and inconveniently constructed two or three storied houses must be replaced by buildings that would accommodate a vastly larger number. It is quite true that, wherever the rebuilding began, the displaced inhabitants would aggravate overcrowding elsewhere. That must be so, and until the entire building scheme was completed,

some parts would be in a worse state than before. That is merely to say that every reform has its victims. But we should be working to an end: we should know where we were.

Who is to carry this out? In our view, no local body or local bodies. It is so vast a matter as to be an imperial and not a local problem. The London Housing Problem is a matter for the Government of the country. The evil has been allowed to grow until it has got beyond local control. The burden of the remedy would be too great for London to bear entirely by herself. London matters are not merely local matters; it is because London is something more than a locality that the present appalling situation has grown up. But we admit that whoever pays, agricultural land should not be made to contribute. Personalty could very well bear a much larger share of the national burden of expenditure than it now carries. If we are told that we are dealing merely in impossible heroics, that the expense would be gigantic to prohibition, we reply that, bad as heroic remedies usually are, they are sometimes the only ones possible. If London had suffered permanently from a grave deficiency in the supply of water the Government would have stepped in and stopped at no cost in its remedy. The existing house-"famine" is only less serious, and can but get rapidly worse unless attacked systematically. We are not unaware of the dangers of state interference on so large a scale; but what other agency can more than touch the fringe of the problem? At any rate, under "laissez-faire" we have reached the pass where we now find ourselves. The progress of reform in this world is not the supersession of defect by perfection, but of a greater by a lesser evil.

UNENLIGHTENED BUREAUCRACY.

THE revelations of official mal-administration made by the President of the Higher Grade Headmasters at their late conference should prove to all who are interested in education an excellent object-lesson in the dangers of ignorant bureaucracy. There seems not to be a pin to choose between the conduct of the two departments involved. Both are equally to blame. It has now been practically proved that Higher Grade Schools are an illegal, if natural, outgrowth of elementary education, and yet until a year or two back the departments permitted and even encouraged their extension. The Education Department not only sanctioned loans for building and equipment, but even went so far as to issue a circular to school boards in Wales inviting them to open Higher Grade Schools. The Science and Art Department was no less favourably disposed. They subsidised science teaching in these schools, converted the higher classes into Schools of Science and urged the school boards to yet greater expenditure with a view to improving their staff and equipment. Gradually a change came over the scene. Apparently after fifteen or sixteen years of blissful ignorance the Departments discovered that they had been aiding and abetting the school boards in breaking the law they were supposed to administer. Thereupon the Education Department declined to sanction any fresh loans, while "Science and Art" went still further and refused to allow new Higher Grade Schools, as at Bristol, to open a science section, although the school had been built avowedly for that purpose with the sanction of the Education Department. It renders the matter still more piquant that the Bristol school was actually opened by the Secretary of the Department himself. But the acme of absurdity seems to have been reached in the so-called Wood Green case where the school board, on receiving the full permission of the Education Department, went to the expense of equipping the buildings with scientific laboratories, and was told by "South Kensington" that the school could not be recognised as a School of Science. The reason given, that the said school could not legally be supported out of the rate, was sound enough; but why take sixteen years to make the discovery?

The net result of this see-saw policy is that the two departments have tied themselves up in a tangle of

contradictory decisions so tight that only an Act of Parliament can sever the knot. The Higher Grade will have to be "legalised" as higher Primary, which will check effectively the school board policy of aggressive expansion.

But the moral of this tale of departmental bungling is not for Higher Grade schools alone. It concerns above all the Secondary schools which the Board of Education Act has brought within the sphere of State control. A departmental committee is now sitting to consider what reorganisation of the present central authorities is necessary in order that all grades of education may be efficiently supervised. The only educational members on the committee are the wiseacres who preside over the two departments. The question involuntarily arises, How are these persons to successfully tackle and solve the thorny problems of Secondary Education when they have made such egregious mistakes in dealing with a few Higher Grade schools? The matter is all the more serious as there seems to be a deep-laid scheme afoot in South Kensington to make the rejected Science and Art Department not only the sole authority for technology, but also, while leaving it control over Higher Grade schools, to extend its despotic jurisdiction over such of the lower Secondary schools as are already partially within its "sphere of influence," whose number is bound to grow as the standard of Secondary Education rises. In the result the Secondary Education of the country will be literally cut in two and the Secondary Education Department but a pale and ineffectual shadow of its proper self. The chaos thus established in English education will not last long, for the Austria-Hungary or Bulgaria of education that "Science and Art" will attempt to rule over must infallibly go to pieces. But is it necessary to make these impossible combinations of disparate forms of education in order to satisfy mere official conveniences? Will not the departmental committee even at the eleventh hour recognise the impossibility of properly doing their work without a complete knowledge of its problems, and begin by co-opting some one really conversant with Secondary Education? Expert opinion they must have. And expert opinion means not only the election of a skilled assessor, but also the making of a careful ordnance survey of English education. Then and then alone can they perform their task in a thorough and workmanlike fashion. But if they continue to reject all enlightenment, they are riding for a certain fall. There are signs already that the great public schools are growing uneasy. They at least did not surrender their independence in order to swell the importance of a discredited department. If necessary, they will grow still more uneasy, until these officials who have sat down to cut and shuffle for departmental places become aware that the country is watching their game, in which whoever wins, only the nation pays.

THE ROSEBERY CELEBRATION.

IF the Cromwell Tercentenary has not thrown any fresh light on a very old subject it has illuminated considerably the position of the donor of the statue and central figure in the celebration. Mr. Asquith exaggerated his compliment on the speech at the Queen's Hall when he said that Cromwell's image had been enlarged, coloured, and vivified by Lord Rosebery. But Lord Rosebery's own image as the wheedler of the Nonconformist vote does decidedly come out more highly coloured and enlarged as the net result of the Tercentenary and the Tercentenary oration. We know the importance of this vote to any politician who would lead the Liberals. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley would, equally with Lord Rosebery, be delighted to command it; but none of them have ever thought of exploiting Cromwell in the precise manner of Lord Rosebery. They are dominated by the Gladstone tradition of the way to win dissenters. Lord Rosebery in this matter as in some others has discarded his master's methods. It was certainly not by appeals to Imperial Liberalism that Mr. Gladstone won the Nonconformists: nor did he vivify, enlarge and colour the figure of Oliver Cromwell as its representative. Until Lord Rosebery came it had never

occurred to anyone that he could so arouse the enthusiasm of Independency and of all those sects who have made Cromwell their idol.

It is this which makes the patronage of Cromwell by Lord Rosebery worthy of attention. He is trying a new experiment. He wishes to transform the mythical figure consecrated in the nonconformist imagination for generations into something which has more relation to the present times, and to Lord Rosebery's purposes. He does not want to lead a crusade against the Church, he is not a theoretical republican as many nonconformist liberals have been, he would not even lead them to a serious attack on the House of Lords, and we suppose there is no doubt that it is by the very people whom he is bent on winning that the patriotism of which he would make himself the representative has been most derided as "the worst of cant." What has he to do with the bona-fide admirers of Cromwell? His ideal does not touch theirs at any point. Hitherto they have not admired Cromwell as a "Liberal Imperialist," but as the champion of Protestantism against Roman Catholicism, and especially as a great sectary who in spreading terror of the power of England and his own name, built up an everlasting monument of triumph for themselves over their political and ecclesiastical enemies at home. Their real object of admiration is Oliver Cromwell in the British Islands overturning established domestic political and ecclesiastical institutions and setting up their own. That is the real Cromwell legend cherished by all who have inherited the tradition. With time the harsher outlines have been toned down; but anyone who would conjure with the name of Cromwell must respect the tradition. Lord Rosebery not being a Nonconformist may not know this. Mr. Asquith, who is or was, should have told him. If Lord Rosebery does know that the side of Cromwell's character he shows is not that which appeals to traditional Cromwell worshippers, his boldness amounts almost to what they would call badness. Did he not observe that the cheers which greeted his description of Cromwell as a great soldier were spiritless compared with those which greeted the unction of his oratory on Cromwell as the saint of the conventicles, the champion of political and religious freedom and of universal toleration? Of course this is an ideal quite unhistorical, the facts do not sustain it, but it is precisely these things which give vitality to the name of Cromwell in the orthodox circles. We doubt if Lord Rosebery can make much use of the Cromwell cult for the purposes of Liberal Imperialism. It is an instrument much more likely to serve the purposes of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley who dream of quite other things.

As Lord Rosebery does not intend to raise the real banner of Cromwell but only detach from it a shred which may flutter a little as the flag of a private party, there is really nothing of any particular importance in his panegyric of Cromwell. We knew without this speech that Lord Rosebery was unlike its subject in at least one respect. He is literary which Cromwell was not. We also knew that Lord Rosebery with the help of Carlyle and Dr. Gardiner could draw a taking portrait of the great Protector. However, we are not complaining of the want of independent opinion; the orator must satisfy the cravings of his particular audience; and Lord Rosebery's temperament enables him to do it. Carlyle had the same faculty and he evolved a Cromwell to please the modern Puritans whom he always in imagination addressed. Dr. Gardiner lived in the time of Carlyle's influence. He adopted the theory and though he knows the facts he retains the theory in spite of the facts. Hallam is not yet discredited, and we prefer his picture of Cromwell in the parallel he draws between him and Napoleon to the fancy portrait by Carlyle and the copy of it by Lord Rosebery. A short passage or two will be sufficient. We pass the military comparison. "In civil government there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open. But it must here be added that Cromwell, far unlike his anti-type, never showed any signs of a legislative mind, or any desire to fix his renown on that noblest basis the amelioration of social institutions." That would hardly have sounded so well

in the Queen's Hall as some other things that were said there; but they have an air of reality which some of the other things lacked. That long futile disquisition on the utterly irrelevant question of Cromwell's hypocrisy becomes tedious when we remember the phrase "one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism." Who would care to inquire into the psychology of sincerity in such a case? But if we are to discuss hypocrisy, what are we to think of Lord Rosebery's grand test of it in a passage which is a mere reproduction of one of Carlyle's well-known paradoxes? "I will give a more practical reason for my belief that Cromwell was not a hypocrite. Had he been he could not have been such an enormous success. . . . A religious force which is based on hypocrisy is no force at all. It may stand inspection for a moment, like a house built on the sands, but when the storms come, when the rain descends and when the winds blow, under the stress of adverse circumstances the house and the fabric disappear." This of a man "not one single constructive act of whose life," in the words of Mr. Arthur Balfour, "has left behind it any trace in our history"! Did Lord Rosebery never hear of the Restoration and what it implied: nor think of the Revolution of 1688 and compare it with Cromwell's schemes to found a dynasty? When Lord Rosebery becomes sufficiently serious to wish really to ascertain the truth about Cromwell, Hallam is still to be found in quite ordinary libraries; and Hallam was a Whig; which seems to be something akin to a Liberal Imperialist. But Hallam being, as Dr. Johnson might have said, a "dull dog" as well as a Whig, perhaps a little quotation from a more amusing writer, who happens to be a Republican, may be made; especially as it summarises very neatly all Hallam's dignified conclusions. "This man had in his composition many of the elements of true greatness, but the demon of ambition, and the lust of domination, ruined all. He was the prototype of the familiar Bonapartes and Balmacedas of our own day. Not that he resembled these colossal malefactors in personal characteristics. Cromwell was an eminently pious, prayerful, and respectable liberticide, but he all the same cut the throat of the Commonwealth of England. . . . No Tudor or Stuart ever treated Parliaments with such contumely as did Oliver Cromwell. . . . By his own authority he levied taxes, gagged the press, and generally exceeded the decapitated Charles Stuart in every form of Constitutional illegality." Ah! but he was a strong man. He was. And did that suggest Lord Rosebery as his natural panegyrist?

LITERATURE AS A PURSUIT AND AS A PROFESSION.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S suggestion at the Authors Club this week, that the career of letters is the only one quite suitable for an honest man, hardly squares with the opinion of Dr. Johnson—or at all events it was an opinion expressed by him—that no one but a fool ever wrote except for the sake of money. If Dr. Johnson really meant what he said, he could only have been generalising from his experience of his own temperament. He might no doubt have adduced a considerable amount of evidence which seems, when considered superficially, to give some support to his position; but this evidence when examined carefully will be found, though it proves several things, to prove anything rather than the conclusion of Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson might have pointed to an enormous mass of literature, and shown that the authors of it all lived by its production, and could not have produced it, if they had not been paid for doing so. He might have pointed to a mass of literature equally large, and argued that its authors would not have produced it, if they had not been paid for doing so. But neither of these two sets of facts would, in any way, prove his point. Let us begin with the first set; and let us assume, for argument's sake, that the majority of authors have lived by authorship, and have not only been paid for it, but have demanded payment. What would this prove? Not that these men would not have written if it had not been for the sake of money; but that being obliged to support themselves by their

own endeavours somehow, and that having sacrificed all other pursuits for the sake of their devotion to literature, they were incidentally obliged to make their favourite pursuit support them. If the majority of authors have not been people of independent means, there is in this fact nothing peculiar to authors. Authors are drawn from every class in the community; and the fact in question means simply this, that in every social class, even the highest, the majority of its members are, relatively to their wants poor. Many authors, again, who have sprung from the commercial classes, might, if it had not been for some purely literary instinct, have entered, under the most favourable auspices, on a career of business, and have quickly realised fortunes which are rarely, if ever, produced by the pursuit of literature: and they have often given great offence to their families by refusing to do so. So far, then, as the kind of evidence which is now in question proves anything, it proves that men, as a rule, write books not for the sake of money, but that they write them in spite of the fact that the money they get for them is so little.

Let us now turn to the other set of facts referred to, which supports Dr. Johnson's opinion, understood in a modified form, and which may be held to show, not that most authors write because the need for money compels them, but that they would not write unless the prospect of money stimulated them. Of many authors this is no doubt true; but it does not prove that the literary impulse is merely disguised cupidity. The utmost it proves is that no literary inspiration, however spontaneous, can realise itself, or achieve its object, by the force of inspiration merely; but requires, on the part of the author, a laborious, and often a prolonged course of plodding labour, of enforced concentration, and of self-discipline; and that many authors, however genuine their inspiration, would deny themselves the pleasure of literature on account of its drudgery, if the latter were not counterbalanced by the prospect of some extraneous reward. As a matter of fact, however, the opinion of Dr. Johnson, which practically comes to this, that there would be very little literature at all, if literature were not a profession as well as a pursuit, is contradicted altogether by the literary history of the world. Did Plato, or Aristotle, or Cicero, or Lucretius, or Vergil write to make money? Did Milton write "Paradise Lost" for the sake of the five pounds he received for it? Of all modern writers one of the most industrious was Voltaire; but Voltaire, though eager for money, and very successful in making it, was notoriously careless as to what he made by his books. Byron for his later writings extorted as much money as he could; but the impulse to write was as strong in him during the earlier period of his career, when he shrank from the idea of being paid for his poetry at all, as it ever was subsequently. Lord Lytton, the novelist, during a certain part of his life, had to look to his pen for support; and a certain number of his novels were written for the sake of the money they brought him; but when circumstances placed him in possession of a substantial fortune, his literary industry remained unabated, and was even more successful in its results. That money is an incentive to literary effort in many cases is no doubt true. It was an incentive, for example, in the case of Sir Walter Scott; but it is utterly untrue of the best literature, as a whole, to say that its production is due to the need of money or the desire of it; or that, even when such need or desire is closely and notoriously connected with it, that the connexion is other than accidental.

It must be confessed, however, that there is one fact—and it obtrudes itself very clearly more and more on our notice—which may cause some minds to doubt what we have just been saying. This fact is the astounding multiplication of journals, of reviews, and of other periodical publications, the contents of which must, from the very necessities of the case, be produced, for the most part, by persons with whom writing is a regular profession. Leading articles, for example, in a daily paper cannot be left to the spontaneous inspiration of their authors. Their authors must, in respect of subject, treatment, and time, conform to the requirements of persons to whom they are under pro-

professional obligations. The same thing holds good also of the larger part of the essays to which our best periodicals owe their special attraction. The best of these articles and essays exhibit extraordinary ability. They are clearly and often brilliantly written; they abound in varied knowledge, political, literary, and scientific: and a large part of the public derives from them the larger part of its knowledge. But such professional writing, however good of its kind, is essentially distinct from literature in the highest sense of the word. The object of it, taken as a whole, is not to present the ideas or personalities of the writers, but to summarise the ideas, the discoveries, the opinions, and doings, of other men. In other words, to use a familiar phrase, it is to show the reader what is going on at the moment. To do this successfully requires many literary gifts; to do this is an honourable profession; but, except accidentally, to do this is not to produce literature. The great modern development of essentially professional writing has, therefore, no bearing on the question now before us; and we may return therefore, undisturbed by it, to the proposition with which we started—namely that literature in the highest sense of the word is essentially not what Dr. Johnson said it was. The making of money may accompany it; but the need or the desire of making money by it is not the principal or the general cause of its production.

We shall by no means content ourselves, however, with putting the matter thus. We shall go further, and assert with equal confidence, that though the quantity of literature may be increased by the desire of writers to make money, the quality of it is necessarily injured in proportion as this desire assumes, as a motive, an importance that is other than accidental or subordinate. For this there are two reasons. One is so obvious that it may be dismissed in a few words. It lies simply in the fact that if money is a writer's principal object, he will be tempted to write when spontaneous inspiration is wanting to him; or even when it is present, to perform his work hastily. But there is another reason which lies far deeper than this. Of all true literature, as Mr. Leslie Stephen briefly pointed out, the essential characteristic is that it expresses the thoughts, the feelings, the taste, the ideals of the writer himself—that its aim is first and before all things to please or satisfy him, and secondly—but only secondly—to please or satisfy the public. The greatest writers will no doubt hope for recognition. They may feel, if they fail to meet with it, that it is not worth while to write: but in such circumstances, they will not write at all. They will not be false to themselves in order to please others. The greatest writers, at all events, in their productions, will create the taste in the public by which they are to be appreciated, and this will be a taste which has been previously developed in themselves. They will not be guided by a taste which they do not share; nor will they alter the character of their supply to meet the public demand. If their works happen to please the public, their pecuniary reward will, under existing conditions, be considerable. If they are sensible and practical men they will take all due steps to secure it; and their work will not suffer, it may very possibly be improved, if the prospect of this reward tends to increase their diligence. But their work will not be improved—on the contrary it is certain to suffer—if the prospect of this reward, besides increasing their diligence, alters the character of the end to which their diligence is directed, and substitutes the tastes, the interests, the sentiments, of others for their own. The essential difference between literature as a pursuit and a profession has nothing to do with the question of whether money results from it or no. The essential difference is this—that the one is produced by writers whose first object is to please themselves, and who make money or fail to make it by the way; whilst the other is produced by writers whose first object is to please others—that is to say to make money—and who by the way please themselves or fail to do so. Such is the manner in which all great literature is produced; and if the author is obliged to demand any other reward than the production of it, this is nothing more than the mere accident of his position; it is no essential element in his activity and success as an author.

OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

EVERLYN somewhere in one of his delightful dissertations on gardening speaks of "the affectation of Men to gratify the Pleasure of their Eyes, inciting them to push on things to more and more Perfection." How very apt comes this sentence of "the grand old gardener" as one returns from an exhibition of the National Chrysanthemum Society! The Society was instituted, we read, just fifty-three years since, in 1846. The flower which it has taken under its patronage, upon whose aggrandisement it has bestowed so successfully such patient and ingenious care, has been established amongst us only a little over a century. The first time it was thought worthy of a "show" all to itself was in 1830. Fancy if one of those early patrons could have dropped in at the Royal Aquarium last week and seen what his favourites had attained to! Surely he would have thought himself translated. The very generic name of the plant, the "golden flower," at first so pertinent, has lost its distinctiveness. There are golden chrysanthemums still, it is true, yellow blossoms incomparable for purity and brilliance: but what of all these other colours not less brilliant and pure, these rich damasks, royal purples, flushed pinks, this dazzling white that puts a snow-drift to shame, at last actually a bloom that is just sea-green? Colour, size, form, growth, all have undergone a change that half a century ago, a quarter of a century ago, perhaps a dozen years ago, it entered into no man's heart to conceive. And the end is not yet it may be, the last wonder has not yet been revealed for us: so limitless in its possibilities and potency is that "affectation of Men to gratify the Pleasure of their Eyes, inciting them to push on things to more and more Perfection."

"To every thing there is a season" we are told; and the saying might advisedly be taken as his motto by every sound gardener and lover of this ancient craft of husbandry. That it is not so taken, that gardeners and public alike are for ever desiderating fruits and flowers out of their season, is due—well, to what is it due? Mainly to our childish misuse of those facilities, which science of late years has too lavishly poured upon us. To be able to hurry through a hundred miles an hour, to have the wealth of all the world's nature brought to our doors presto, prestissimo, fresh as gathered, to annihilate time and space and hold the most secret forces of the universe at our bidding—these things and their like are marvellous enough, nay, they may be most excellent for us all, when we know how to use them. But the mere science, the mere power, are not in themselves blessings unmixed. We do not wish to grow too serious here, or to run beyond the restricted, simple theme of this little essay: rather let us sharply recall ourselves at once to the fruits and the flowers. But what are these strawberries doing on our Christmas boards, these poor vapid lilies of the valley amid our November fogs, these violets and narcissi, the spring's own attendants, ere the winter hath fairly begun for us? "It is a mad world, my masters," a topsy-turvy world, the seasons jumbled one with the other, growing more and more indiscriminated, undistinguishable. And who is the happier for it? Nay, what spirit, sensitive to the congruity and niceties of nature, is not scandalised by such restless vulgarity? "I doe hold it," says Lord Bacon, "there ought to be gardens for all the Moneths in the Yeare: in which, severally, Things of Beautie may be then in Season." Of course, there speaks wisdom; omnia tempus habent, "to every thing there is a Season." And after all we are not quite those masters of the situation we sometimes plume ourselves on being. Outraged nature has her revenges: she lets us go a long way, it is true, and take singular liberties with her, but she is our mistress in the end. Frankly, these Christmas strawberries are flavourless, these November lilies are sickly and all but scentless, that daffodil is but a mockery which cannot say to us "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

It is in part the justification and charm of chrysan-

themum culture that this charge of unseasonableness does not lie against it. The chrysanthemum is by nature an autumn bloom, and we do but develop and somewhat protract its existence. As children we used to look out in the smoky town gardens of thirty years ago for the little red and yellow blossoms, which came along with October, the last treasures of the waning year. How welcome they were not merely for their modest prettiness, when almost all other colour had fled, but for the hardiness with which they would accept and flourish amidst the dingiest surroundings! We have called these small old-fashioned blossoms modest. That certainly might seem the falsest epithet imaginable to apply to the vast and varied blooms that our connoisseurs nowadays offer to our amazed, almost incredulous eyes. Yet consider their colour for a moment. We often hear people speak of their colour vaguely—even in this essay we must ourselves plead a little guilty to the charge—as if they gave us an amazing wealth of brilliant and rich hues. But stand off a space from a bed of chrysanthemums, and look down upon it from above, so that the whole effect as a mass strikes upon you: how singularly delicate and soft it is as colour, how subdued, how far from flaunting, garish, or assertive either through brilliancy or richness! If it is not too fanciful to say so, there is an element of pensiveness in all this exquisite coloration; here are quiet, subtle hues that do indeed seem appropriate not to the fresh joys of spring or the lusty opulence of midsummer, but to the shortening hours of an evanescent year, when the mists gather quickly at sundown, and even the very sunshine itself is pale and cool, and each day's breath visibly strips the branches to strew the moist paths with their leaves, and all nature's sights and sounds and odours grow faint at the approaching end. It is in harmony with such a time as this, and with the human feelings born of it, that these chrysanthemum colours surely blend themselves. And even the flower's perfume, that strange perfume which is not sweetness, as the violet or the rose exhales sweetness, and yet after all is so sweet, fragrant as the upturned soil and akin to that wholesome, invigorating fragrance, how appropriate is this too to these late autumn days, that perforce bid us remember, solemnly yet not despairingly, how the earth awaits us also in our turn before long.

"To push on things to more and more Perfection." We have chosen these words of Mr. Evelyn as a sort of text for our meditation, and certainly they seem apt enough. It is not to be denied that art, and ingenuity, and patience have done marvels for this accommodating flower; and when we see a bloom nine inches in diameter it is not in human nature to remain unmoved, or altogether to withhold applause. Yet it is questionable whether developments of this kind are after all quite a pushing things on to Perfection, as sane lovers of nature and of beauty would understand that fine word. The perfect beauty of a plant consists not in the abnormal development of one part thereof to the point of miracle, but in a concomitant development of all its parts to an increased general elegance. Art is the education of Nature, but of Nature consulted and understood as to her first principles. A flower after all, though it is the crown of a plant, is not the mere end for which the plant exists, or its sole claim on our admiration. There is the foliage, there is the growth, there is the nice apportionment of blossoms to the leaves they nestle against, and to one another, and to the stem that bears them all. We would be far from ungenerous to the patient care and ingenuity of our horticulturists, but might not the marvels and beauty they could give us be even greater were their genius somewhat more balanced? There is a touch of vulgarity—after all the ugly word will out—in this absorption on mere size and strange curiosities of whimsical form. In art as in morals virtue is a mean, and perfection comes only as the reward of a wide discernment, and of a judgment that can delicately adjust many various interests.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

I SUPPOSE there never was a time when the difference between success and non-recognition was so marked as at the present day. The number of those

who are prepared to back their taste without the security of a boom is unwholesomely small. In the world of painting the works of the dead who have any kind of stamp of merit are running up to famine prices, but the same kind and degree of merit in a living man's work meets with blindness, hesitation, disparagement until acclamation sets in with a cowardly rush. The critics might do something to temper these extremes, but they have a curious trick of thought that renders them unjust to the day's production. A collector hesitates partly because he looks on a living painter as an unlimited edition, who has no firm quotation in the market, and may yet do things that will send down prices. A critic meets a living painter as a matter of professional duty with a desponding demand that he shall become a Titian or a Rubens. With dead painters not of the supreme order he sees that this was impracticable, and that yet something was left for fame, a positive quality for which they will be always cherished. In the living man's work he will not easily admit this and complains "You disappoint me; why oh why will you not let me persuade you to be a Michael Angelo? For ten years I have given you this advice." Compare the tone of respect and satisfaction with which we receive the sweepings of what we can comfortably call the French or the Dutch "school" of yesterday with our timidity before pictures not yet pigeon-holed. Is the skim-milk of Holland really preferable to the cream of Peppercorn, Mark Fisher, Steer? Has any Dutch water-colourist of them all ever dreamed of colour as it exists in a good Brabazon? I do not know where to lay my hands on a coming Rembrandt, but I think there are some men among us whose names the collectors and dealers of the future will learn to pronounce with unction. One or two may be found at the New English Art Club.

Mr. Furse's wall-painting, as a work of large scope and ambition, may claim attention first. It is the preliminary sketch squared up for enlargement to the actual dimensions of one of four spandrels at the Liverpool Town Hall. The scheme itself deserves a word. Liverpool has been of late years the scene of an interesting academic experiment. The authorities of the University College there, fired by the enthusiasm of Professor Mackay, determined to substitute for their theoretic chair of art a school in which architecture, sculpture, and painting should be taught conjointly, with a view chiefly to the training of architects. It is difficult to judge thus early of direct results from the school, but an indirect result of the ideas and personal influence of the teachers has been the employment of Mr. Furse at the Town Hall. It looks as if the Town Council would be abundantly justified in their choice.

The theory of flatness as the beginning and end of decoration has been marking time recently and has threatened to become a pious fetic with no draughtsman of real power to carry it into practice. Mr. Furse returns to the ideas of Venetian decoration in the sixteenth century. These ideas included vigorous modelling and the use of light and shade as a decorative element. For the use of this convention Mr. Furse is better equipped than most of his generation. In a not very muscular or ambitious time he is vigorous and plucky. He has educated his eye for form and his taste in systems of drawing to an equally unusual pitch. In this last respect he leaves behind his competitor in vigour, general ability and courage, Mr. Brangwyn. Mr. Brangwyn is perhaps the most forcible carpenter of large spaces among us, but he is something of a lost force, because he has satisfied himself with what we must call for short Glasgow form and colouring. Awakening to the fact that his own colour was but black and white, he adopted an extravagant palette from the nearest source and with it a kind of blob-form. From these vulgarities he may not be able to extricate himself. Mr. Furse is in the same difficulty as Mr. Brangwyn in the matter of colour. He sees everything naturally in a kind of blue-blackish bath. From that no struggle perhaps will ever wholly free him, but in place of violent assertions in a vermilion pigment that remains obstinately black he may arrive at an agreeable silvery grisaille within his natural envelope. The present example promises such a result. Its great merits are the design and vigorous

handling of the forms. These dock porters are more like a man's account of men than we are accustomed to meet in the galleries. The adaptation of the subject to the triangular space moreover is ingenious. The ship's boom that swings across in variation of the upper line and the boy perched upon it in one corner are particularly happy. The relief in light of the distance against the chequered foreground of figures is well managed, and the scale and quantity of these figures well judged for the space. The most doubtful point is the central space of shadow leaving the figures in light too much attached to the sides of the spandrel.

Byron says somewhere in his letters that his manner of catching his poem prey is that of a tiger; he makes his spring and if he misses must go sulkily growling back to his jungle. In painting there is this kind of nature as well as that of the cunning stalker of effects who works up by all manner of ambages to a sure and severe conclusion. In Mr. Steer's assaults on nature there is always something of impatience and desperate spring, but where else are we to find a sense so excited of the beautiful escaping creatures of the painter's chase? I do not envy those who are not caught away into the extravagant joy of light before "Under the Trees" because of its feverish manufacture. If I am any judge of the positive qualities that keep pictures alive spite of a dozen gaps in their reasonableness, this is the sort of picture that will never want lovers. When Mr. Steer reasons he is not so clever as plenty of people who have not his incommunicable gift. Look at the three children trying to compose themselves across the foreground of his "Children Playing." Here is a piece of conscious reasoning art not quite successful. The foreground makes a long stripe undoubtedly; if it is to be broken up it needs more radical measures to correct it. But the instinctive play of eye, brush, and palette-knife in the tender sky and sunny spaces of the landscape, this transfusion of summer into paint by one born brother to both, is a proceeding beyond the reach of reasonableness. We can all give hints on deportment; it is another thing to make blood circulate.

Mr. Brown in his "Over the Valley" justifies his title; there is a fine aerial depth in this picture (the same is true of Mr. Russell's pendant to it). The eye questions, however, one point, the strong dark blue of a patch of sky, and still more of its reflection in the water. A blue of this sort is extraordinarily difficult to measure in nature; at once deep, dark, and blazing, impossible perhaps to render in the tones and colours of paint. In the picture it appears too violent for the rest of the illusion.

Mr. Tonks makes a second essay among the crowd of Broadstairs beach. He has gained freedom in the carefully wrought earlier picture and flings this out with more spontaneity. Some things in the shaping are very felicitous, for example the line of bathing machines that backs the ragged crowd in what is apt to be a weak place for such compositions, and the sand heap with the boy waving a flag whose lines carry up into those of the cliff. There is life and fun too in individual children. Mr. Tonks is a true uncle among painters. Uncertainty shows itself in the foreground, where some figures are left in a sketchy condition. Here was wanted something like the bathing machines, a strong picture line made of children or something else, it does not matter what. The artist was thinking too much in individual notes of figures, not enough in bigger units.

Mr. Shannon's lithograph is a lovely wreath of sea, women, and babies mixed with a breaking wave. What a beautiful variation this tumble of gleeful shapes backed by wave-lines plays upon the old motive of dancing children with festoons of flowers. In terms of another art what a subject for a frieze! Mr. Shannon's portrait of Mr. Legros beats a dignified retreat into a brownish world that has small relation to the colours of flesh; his art as a painter will be a negative one if he risks no more than this. There is little else to be noted in the way of portrait or figure. Mr. Muirhead's silvery colour on slight construction, and Mr. Dodd's better construction in brownish colour are one-sided in their merit; Mr. Frank Carter is rather better balanced. One is glad to see Mr. Francis James back in his place.

D. S. M.

WILLIAM ARCHER AND A. B. WALKLEY.

IN "The Friends of the Rectory," that delicious example of medio-Victorian romance, you will find these words: "The two daughters of the Reverend James Thornton were both remarkable girls, differing widely in all things except the affection each had for the other. Miss Alice, the elder, was of a serious disposition, smiling seldom, thinking much, and a detester of gossip. Strangers thought her cold, not suspecting that beneath the surface beat a generous and kindly heart. Miss Emily, the younger, was noted for vivacity. In company she was never at a loss, but seemed to delight in laughing and poking fun at everything. . . . The neighbours thought her 'giddy.'" One is accustomed to couple Mr. William Archer and Mr. A. B. Walkley, inasmuch as they were the pioneers of "live" dramatic criticism in our generation. Just now, these two books,* published at the same moment and from the same source, seem to put them for me in still closer juxtaposition. Driven to compare them, I find myself sharply confronted with the shades of the Misses Thornton.

Miss Emily, as you may remember, had "many admirers," who were more than a trifle "afraid" of Miss Alice; and I confess that I am one of those who prefer Mr. Walkley's manner to Mr. Archer's. Much as I admire W. A., I do not count myself an "admirer" of him, as of A. B. W. I respect him, revere him, am vastly impressed by him, always. In him I find my ideal of a critic, but—is it not always a little disconcerting, even depressing, to find one's ideal? Besides, I do not much care about good criticism. I like better the opinions of strong, narrow, creative personalities. There is more joy in my breast over one oath roared by Mr. Henley than over the ninety-and-nine just opinions which a man like Mr. Archer can produce at a moment's notice. Mr. George Moore, prancing uncinctured through a forest of mistakes, bruising himself and tumbling head over heels, groping and groaning his way further into darkness, emerges sooner or later, if only for an instant, into some brighter patch of sunlight than is to be found in the cool Academe where sits Mr. Archer, serene, amenable, scrupulously draped. Perhaps it is not quite fair to suggest that Mr. Archer is academic. He is by no means cold, or crabbed, or unapproachable. Indeed, he is a creature of warm and complete sympathies. He radiates readily in any direction. That is why he seems to me an ideally good critic. But, if a man is always radiating at every point, it follows that no ray can go very far. It is because men like Mr. Henley and Mr. Moore are so narrow, and therefore, almost invariably, so wrong, that they are, now and again, so brilliantly right—and, always, so interesting. If Mr. Archer were less quick to "spot," and to be grateful for, the soul of goodness in things artistically evil, he would be a less good critic, but he would be more entertaining and, here or there, more illuminative. I prefer him as he was in the days of the Ibsen crusade, and I am delighted when he shows some faint trace of his early prejudice. Perhaps with a view to showing that he *can* go wrong if he likes, he calls "Mrs. Warren's Profession" a "master-piece." But I prefer to think that this is a genuine opinion, the result of an old notion that unpleasant material makes a good play. And, I prefer to think him sincere in advising Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Anthony Hope to "tackle" serious themes. Such advice is obviously foolish. But ah, what a relief it is to find Mr. Archer astray! The feet of Gamaliel caught tripping! It seems to bring one into touch with him.

With Mr. Walkley I am always in touch. Not that he is one of those strong, narrow spirits which I love to watch in criticism! On the contrary, he is almost as broadminded as Mr. Archer. He is neither hater nor lover, but just a level-headed, tolerant student of things. In a way, he appeals to me less than Mr. Archer. For his is the scientific method, and I like art-criticism to be æsthetic. He is never quite able to forget that he once took a first "in Scientiis Mathematicis et Physicis," and he has cultivated his mind at the expense of those

* "Study and Stage," by William Archer (Grant Richards).
"Frames of Mind," by A. B. Walkley (Grant Richards).

emotions which, in matters of art, are of infinitely greater importance. He does not, like Mr. Archer, love the theatre; indeed he is inclined to despise it. But fate has thrown him in the way of it, and he finds much in it to consider and to discuss. His attitude is not inspiring. Yet he makes it delightful for me. This, by simple means: he is always amusing. He seems "to delight in laughing and poking fun at everything." Humour always pervades the soundest of his theories, making fantasy of common-sense, and softening the dry light with rosy shades. And it is by reason of his humour that his judgments in dramatic criticism carry little weight for the public. Like Miss Emily, he is thought "giddy." In Paris, he would be taken very seriously indeed, for there, as we know, absence of humour is not considered essential to sound work. Mr. Archer's style is not dull, but, again, it is not bright. Consequently, he has attained to a solid "position," and his judgments carry tremendous weight—at least, among all those who do not go to the play.

Whatever the comparative merits of Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley, there is no doubt at all that Mr. Walkley's is the nicer book. Both books consist of reprints from various papers—current criticisms of literature, drama and so forth. Mr. Archer's criticisms suffer, in a book, from the excellence of them as reviews for newspapers. His detailed consideration of books now forgotten and plays now withdrawn are very admirable, and will have, no doubt, great documentary interest in the future, but for the moment they seem almost superfluous. By Mr. Walkley subject-matter is less conscientiously treated, and thus his writings "wear" much better. It is not so much his aim to explain to his readers the merits and demerits of this or that work as to construct a theory or point a moral. He begins with a phrase, works round his subject, comes back to the phrase, and makes his bow. He is anxious to reveal himself—in other words to show how clever he is, and how amusing. In fact, he is more of an essayist than a critic, though his criticism is always sound and adequate, except when he is dealing with vast, elemental subjects, such as Balzac. These seem to annoy him. So much the more fun! Mr. Walkley's only irritating fault is his too great allusiveness. He lets Boswell, Aristotle, Sam Weller, Marcus Aurelius and other more recondite philosophers crop up just a little too often. I do not object to Mr. Walkley's erudition. A man cannot read too much. But he can remember too much of his reading. After all, everything has been said a great many times. No man can say a new thing, but he can always say it in a new (that is, in his own) way. And he cannot say it in his own way if he remembers exactly how a dozen other people have said it before him: he takes the mould handiest to him instead of making one of his own. Thus is literature impoverished. However, there are occasions when inverted commas have a peculiar value, giving point or weight to the context, and Mr. Walkley often strikes pretty effects from his bookishness. He quotes from Michelet a purple patch about women: "'It is with her as it is with the sky in relation to the earth: it is below and above and all round. In her we had our birth. Through her we live. We are enveloped by her; she is the atmosphere, our heart's blood.' Gents," says the bagman in 'Pickwick,' 'I give you woman.' Michelet 'gives us woman' with a vengeance," &c. &c. It is for such things as these that I delight in Mr. Walkley.

Well! I am glad that two so gifted creatures as W. A. and A. B. W. are writing dramatic criticism. I wish very much that the general mass of dramatic criticism showed signs of being improved by their example. Mr. Walkley seems to contend that signed articles are a kind of panacea. But there is one insuperable obstacle to the general use of signed articles in dramatic criticism: most of the critics, I am convinced, cannot sign their names. When I read their articles, I have a suspicion, amounting to a conviction, that reading and writing were not included in their upbringing, and that their articles are simply dictated to the compositor. It follows that, in most cases, the only authentic signature would be a simple "x." But that would be little better than anonymity. Besides, though well enough on a ballot-paper, it might be bad for the dignity of the Press.

"George Fleming's" play, "The Canary," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, is far too fascinating a piece of work to be discussed at the fag-end of an article. I shall write about it next week. MAX.

THE CONCERT "SLUMP."

THE plague of dull concerts, it is melancholy to have to report, continues to rage unabated. So far as can be seen, the public has taken the most stringent measures for the suppression of this modern king of terrors—that is to say, it has carefully stayed away—but the measures seem to have had no effect as yet, or very little. Apparently the concert-givers are content with an audience of indifferent and sleepy critics. Why even the critics should attend it is somewhat difficult to understand, as it is merely their duty to do so, and there is generally no attraction. I myself have continued my self-imposed labour of sampling the entertainments offered in the various concert-halls, but with results just a little more satisfactory than those of last week. Almost wherever I go, there is part of the Everlasting Concert in full swing: pianists, singers, orchestra conductors are all at work keeping the sacred flame alive. Seemingly it would be the worst of crimes if the usual Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and Bach-Tausig selection were not played through at least once a day, and the ancient Beethoven and Wagner selection at least once a week. And it is all very tiresome. When and where is it going to end?

Of course there are more or less striking exceptions. Mr. Wood, for instance, gave on Saturday last a previously unheard thing of Christian Sinding and Schubert's Unfinished symphony. The latter is, if not precisely a novelty, at any rate less hackneyed than the customary Wagner selection. Mr. G. Liebling also played Tchaikowsky's pianoforte concerto in B flat minor, which also is not yet utterly hackneyed. The best thing of the afternoon was without doubt Mr. Wood's interpretation of the Schubert symphony. Not once in a hundred times does it come off so perfectly as it did on this occasion. Mr. Wood has never conducted better: no one could have conducted better. Compared with a Wagner, Berlioz or Richard Strauss score, the Unfinished is of course a simple bit of work; but it is as difficult to play properly, really to interpret, as anything written by the more ambitious men of more recent times. In the music of Mozart himself the emotions do not change more incessantly, one yielding to another, one seeming to vanish, to be swallowed up, in another; even in Mozart's music it is not more difficult than in this symphony of Schubert to lead passage into passage, emotion into emotion, with certainty and delicacy. Mr. Wood did it all with unerring mastery and produced all the necessary feeling of ease. The general gloom was not exaggerated, and, in the lighter passages that interrupt the gloom, one might say that one felt the sad smile of the composer. This effect of carelessness under a pressure of very strong feeling, of composure while enduring a poignant grief, is one of the hardest things to get in music. It is only in Mozart and Schubert that a conductor is called upon to get it; and there are very few conductors who can get it. Mr. Wood has shown himself to be one of the few; and now that he has succeeded so well with Schubert, it is to be hoped that he will try his hand a little more frequently at Mozart. If he succeeds as well with Mozart as with Schubert, the public will appreciate his Mozart playing even as they appreciated his Schubert playing. Of Sinding's novelty I can say nothing. I know too much of Sinding's music to hurry away to Queen's Hall merely because something fresh of his is to be played there. The task of hunting out novelties must be a very dreary and ungrateful one, judging from Mr. Wood's experiments up to the present. But a man of Mr. Wood's experience should really know better than to expect any good thing out of Norway or Sweden at this time of day. The Scandinavian in music seems to have said his last word—at least to have said all he has to say in this generation. It has not been much, and it has not been said in a highly original manner. Grieg, after all, remains the best of them; and Grieg is only a maker of pretty

little pictures to adorn chocolate boxes. Sinding is—but I won't say what Sinding is: at all events he is an honest workman, and he cannot be blamed because Providence ordained that he should not be a Beethoven. The Tschaiakowsky concerto is interesting stuff after its own fashion, and Mr. Liebling played it in an interesting enough way after *his* own fashion. Mr. Liebling's fashion is by no means a great one. It is ridiculous to compare Mr. Liebling with any of the first-rate players. He is not a first-rate player, and it seems scarcely likely that he will ever be one. But he stands high up in say the fourth class, and if he posed a little less and made fewer grimaces, and generally looked less as if he was trying to make very easy passages seem very difficult, he might attain a certain position in England. I am very far from saying that Mr. Liebling is trying to deceive the public. But when a pianist sets his teeth, and goes for a very simple scale or octave passage with as much ferocity as if the piano was an offending German musical critic, one cannot help wishing that he wouldn't. I note that at the next concert of this series—that of 25 November—Mr. Wood will play another Russian novelty. Why, if he must give us so much of the fiery Muscovite, does he not draw more freely upon Borodin? It is true Borodin was an amateur, and his music is sometimes, often, amateurish; but better such inspired amateurishness as his than the excellently said nothings of most of the Russian school.

When I come to think of it, it is rather hard that the time chosen by me for a loud and deep grumble about the sameness of concerts should be the time seized by a few of the most interesting concert-givers of the day to give more than usually interesting concerts. Of course these few are easily swamped in the vast number of utterly uninteresting concerts, but for the moment they seem to remove the ground of my grumbling. Wait a little! Presently Sarasate will be gone; Mr. Dolmetsch's brief series will be finished; van Rooy will be gone also—and then we shall have nothing to relieve the tedium and monotony of the endless Wagner-Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt programme. Meantime, if merely to show my gratitude for the momentary relief, I must record that Mr. Schulz-Curtius' charming musical club removed itself, for the night only, to S. James' Hall on Wednesday, and Mr. van Rooy there sang in his most splendid manner some Schumann, Schubert and Brahms' songs. The Schumann cycle was especially a stupendous victory. It had not seemed to me possible to keep up the interest in such an interminable series; but van Rooy did it. For the most part he sang, as we say, artistically; and only occasionally did he sing as though he was at Bayreuth and trying to split the ears of the groundlings of Villa Wahnfried and their English toadies. Sometimes he got several doors away from the proper key; but it was very rare that he absolutely got into the wrong street. A professor brought from Frankfurt accompanied very well; but his piano solos were neither here nor there and should not have been permitted. At the Dolmetsch concert on Thursday a great many interesting things were done. Of those that I heard, Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch's rendering of the Chromatic Fantasia and fugue of Bach was decidedly the most interesting. But I have discussed these concerts so often before that I shall leave them for another day.

The "National Scientific Voice Training Society" has sent me a copy of a number of resolutions which it felt itself compelled to pass at a meeting held in Hanover Square on 16 October. I may confess in the first place that this society was hitherto unknown to me. I know most of the singing-teachers of reputation in London, and have my own notions as to which are good and which bad; and it is a matter of regret to me not to find on the Executive Committee of this society one name familiar to me. In fact, my tremendous ignorance is brought home to me with simply crushing effect by a statement "that the principles to be taught . . . shall be those set forth in the writings of Mr. George E. Thorp and Mr. William Nicholl F.R.A.M." Must I confess that I have never heard of Mr. George E. Thorp or Mr. William Nicholl F.R.A.M., nor of their writings? Still, the society may be excellent enough. It is hard to see precisely what it is going to do beyond

giving ordinary singing lessons and granting certificates—a business of which I have lately written in terms of the strongest condemnation. For my part, if I were suddenly to go mad and think of acquiring a collection of expensive cardboard sections, I should, to begin with, want to know the position of the gentlemen who were going to examine me. The National Scientific Voice Training Society does not mention this matter. But as any certificate is better than none, I presume lots of young people will submit themselves.

J. F. R.

FINANCE.

ALTHOUGH the obstacles have been numerous and real, business on the Stock Exchange during the past week has been fairly good and the tone fairly well sustained. The arrangement of the account absorbed a considerable amount of attention earlier in the week; and the dubious monetary outlook, coupled with the paucity of war news of any sort, could not be regarded as influences altogether favourable. On Thursday we were treated to a rumour that General Joubert had been killed in action before Ladysmith, and mainly on the strength of this, without confirmation from the War Office or elsewhere, there ensued a general advance, which spread from South Africans to most other departments. The inference drawn by the House was that the event, if true, would shorten the war, but the assumption seems scarcely warranted. For, though in command, it is not reasonable to suppose that the plan of campaign was evolved wholly by General Joubert. The credit for that rests with the German military advisers who are with the Boer forces. At the same time, General Joubert's death might occasion some demoralisation among his own side, and to that extent, and that extent only, can there be any ground for the inference which members drew when the report filtered to Durban by way of Lorenzo Marques. The advance which followed upon its receipt was certainly appreciable, and afforded further indication of what might happen in the event of really significant British successes in South Africa. An important factor in the situation is the scarcity of stock, very little buying being needed in these circumstances to put prices better. It is a question, too, whether our prospective successes have not already been in large measure discounted by the steady rise which has taken place in values for weeks past. There are still a number of cheap things to be picked up, but these for the most part are not the descriptions which have been run after most, and it looks to us as though much of the advance which is to be expected will be calculated upon sentiment, and not upon any well reasoned arguments based upon sheer merits. When sentiment gets to the front, merits have a way of sinking to the second place.

The Bank Return this week reflects the influence of the Treasury bills allotments. The market supply of cash shows a reduction of just over £2,000,000, while public deposits are £1,780,000 higher. There is a decrease of £615,000 in Government Securities, which may possibly be referable to the repayment of deficiency bills. An increase of £884,000 is shown in Other Securities, and it is believed that repayments by the Bank to the market have had something to do with this. There is a contraction of nearly £73,000 in the note circulation. The stock of coin and bullion is lower by £540,000. As only £410,000 was withdrawn for abroad, and £300,000 has been "earmarked" for India, it would appear that money has been returning from the country. The reserve is lower by £468,000, the proportion to liabilities being 41·55 per cent. compared with 42·32 per cent. last week, and 53·87 per cent. at this time last year. The decision of the Bank to make known for the future all withdrawals in connexion with the Indian currency requirements is to be commended. The money market has been kept hard by the uncertainty of the position in America and by the Treasury bills issue, the date of payment for this latter coinciding with pay day on the Stock Exchange. On Wednesday as much as 5 per cent. was obtained for money over night, but preparations for this had been made in advance, and it

was not found necessary to go to the Bank for much if any assistance. The outlook shows no visible signs of brightening. The Secretary of the American Treasury has decided to purchase \$25,000,000 of Government bonds, but it is doubtful if the relief thus afforded to the market will be of a permanent character, through the temporary effects at least have already been encouraging to stock operations. At the time of writing, no change had been made in the French rate, but one has to bear in mind, in appraising the situation, that our own Government has yet to raise four or five millions sterling on its bill for the expenses of the war in South Africa.

The interest of the last settlement centred largely round mines, and especially round South Africans, where rates ruled much the same as on the previous occasion. Having regard to the active dealings in this market and to the good tone which prevailed during the better part of the account, the preponderance of improvements in the making-up prices is nothing more than was expected. Rand Mines led the way with 1½. In Westralians a similar rise was registered by Lake Views, but the most conspicuous item in that market was the advance of 4½ in British Westralians. Thanks to the persistent and not disinterested rumours as to the sulphide plant—which rumours have since been declared by the secretary of the company to have “absolutely no foundation”—Associateds show a fall of over a point, this being the only really noticeable decline in the whole section. In Home Railways advances were almost general, but Great Easterns with a gain of 3½ and North-Westerns with 2 were the most conspicuous items. Good traffics offset the influence of dear money and the elections in American railroads, but the list is not so uniformly good as it would have been but for the set back of Saturday on Wall Street. Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacific issues are also made up better, Trunk Seconds being two points higher on dividend prospects, notwithstanding the President's warning.

The carry-over showed that the account open in Home Railways was a very small one, and though the market during this week has been very steady in tone, there has not been any particularly great accession of new business. The fear of dear money has been a hindrance, if not a very severe one, to operations. In other respects conditions are favourable, and with this incubus out of the way and with some definite and satisfactory progress in the course of the war to impart general cheerfulness, there should be a distinct revival of activity. The quiet stream of investment buying has kept values tolerably good, but, as we have already pointed out in these columns, many desirable stocks show a considerable fall from the not unreasonably high level attained when things were last brisk, and they are decidedly cheap at ruling quotations. The trade of the country is proved by the last monthly returns to be exceedingly prosperous, and a reflection of this condition, which is likely to endure for at least some time to come, is obtainable in the traffics of the railways themselves. The Great Western shows further recovery of the ground lost by the coal strike, and its increase this week of £10,740 brings the aggregate improvement since the end of June to £375,610. The North-Western has £163,768 to the good for the nineteen weeks; the North-Eastern £123,638; the Great Central £103,929; the Great Eastern £77,447; the South-Eastern and Chatham £75,549; the Lancashire and Yorkshire £73,396; the Midland £67,142; the Brighton £63,964; and so forth. The traffics for the past week are uniformly good, and nothing is likely to happen between now and the end of December to modify the satisfactory position indicated by the figures we have quoted. A disturbing element is that of increased expenditure, which will probably show the same tendency as in the June half to run close upon the heels of increased revenue. It does not of necessity follow, therefore, that dividends will show any all-round and material improvement. All the same, they are certain to be more than maintained, and this contingency gives strength to our

argument that Home Railways are deserving of, and are sure to receive, more attention both for speculative and investment purposes than has been their lot of late. This past week the “heavies” have been in particularly good favour. Districts, however, have been one of the most prominent items, as a result of the bill for a working agreement with other companies which is to be promoted in the coming session of Parliament. We referred to this bill in our last issue, and see no reason to modify the views we then expressed.

The very poor New York Bank statement naturally affected American railroad securities at the beginning of the week, but the depression was not marked, and support by both London and New York has more than nullified the first impression. Though nothing remarkable has happened, the tone has been good, except for a little temporary weakness on Wednesday, and on Thursday these descriptions were very strong. Southern Pacifics have been one of the most prominent stocks on the good earnings and prospects, coupled with the acquisition by the Speyer interest of the Leland Stanford and Crocker holdings. Unions and Louisvilles have also been prominent. The position of the roads is as good as ever. Industrial activity is maintained, and the New York “Financial Chronicle” shows in its usual tables, a summary of which has been cabled over, that the gross earnings of 71 roads in the fourth week of last month increased 10·48 per cent. as compared with the same month of last year, and that the earnings of 111 lines for the whole of October mark an improvement of 10·91 per cent. The outlook for money has to be taken into account, but the action of the Government in coming to the aid of the market is a satisfactory feature which should remove apprehensions on this score, at least for some time to come, and which has already exercised a good influence on transactions. Canadian railways have been a rather listless market, but Trunks have had a fillip on a very good traffic. Some of the Argentine railways have hardened, notably Buenos Ayres and Pacific Preference. Incidentally we may remark that Argentine Government stocks have been firm though without hardening much.

South African mines continue to be the most prominent section of the House, for a reason that will be obvious to all. For market purposes, some of the statements made by the chairman of the Consolidated Goldfields Company were twisted and exaggerated in such a manner as to cause some reaction not only in these particular shares but in other Kaffirs. The market was not slow, however, to appraise these tactics at their true value, and Wednesday saw a resumption of the buoyant feeling which was continued throughout the following day on the rumour that General Joubert had been killed and that the duration of the war was likely to be considerably curtailed as a consequence. We have already stated that the inference does not necessarily follow from the premiss, but operators are glad of any pretext for putting prices better. The news of yesterday was mixed, a reported successful sortie offsetting a disaster to an armoured train, and some slight reaction followed. Land shares have again been in demand because of their apparent cheapness, but the largest measure of activity has been in Rhodesians, especially land and exploration shares, which suggest the best gambling chances. Reasons for this sudden accession of interest in Rhodesians are plentiful. The Boers have apparently gone north, which leaves the borders comparatively safe. Finding the Transvaal unsafe and work lacking, the “boys” have gone to Rhodesia from the Rand, and the old complaint of a scarcity of labour is removed. The Selukwe crushing, too, is very good comparatively, being 2,330 ounces for October compared with 1,585 ounces for September. Perhaps the real reason why so much more attention has been transferred to Rhodesians is to be found in the gambling possibilities which they offer. Whatever the explanation, the activity is there. Chartered shares have been the subject of large dealings, but the greatest rises have been marked in Rhodesia Explorations, Matabele Gold Reefs, Matabele Gold Mines and Bulawayo Extensions, though the im-

provement in West Nicholson's, Crescens Matabele, Geelong, Globe and Phoenix and others is also to be noted. It seems almost unfair to point out, in connexion with the advances in these shares, that Rhodesia has yet to justify itself as a gold producer on a paying basis, and whatever the speculative nature of the game, present values of these shares are certainly not justified on any investment basis. But then the movement is mainly speculative, and few people, we suppose, will make the mistake of imagining it is anything else.

The trend of affairs in matters Westralian is indicated by the migration of a number of operators from that market to the Rhodesian. As a fact, Westralians have been a relatively quiet market. They have sympathised with Kaffirs to a considerable extent, but except for two or three noteworthy exceptions, they offer little scope for comment. Horseshoes have been in demand, and in the last day or two Boulders have been a feature on the reported rich strike. Concerning rich discoveries as a whole, and without any reference to that on the Boulder property, one may be pardoned for observing that in recent months they have been out of all proportion to the results expressed in crushings, good as the country's output is. Lake Views remain a dangerous spot to touch, the game between bulls and bears being about where it was when we wrote last. The secretary has written to the papers giving the general views of Mr. Callahan, the manager, as to the value of the property. The pith of the explanation (which is to be detailed in Mr. Callahan's annual report) is that the difficulties connected with the sulphide plant have been overcome, that the additions to the plant will, on completion, give a total capacity of 450 tons a day, and that "the great value of the mine lies in its extensive bodies of telluride and sulphide ore, of which he estimates that there is already developed and blocked out ready for treatment over 304,000 tons." The shareholders are promised "highly satisfactory dividends" for a long series of years to come.

REPORTS AND ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

Manchester Liners, Limited, having a capital of £1,000,000 has made a further issue of £300,000 four and a-half per cent. First Mortgage debentures of 100 each at par.

The Lancashire Finance Association, Limited, invites subscriptions to the Colt Gun and Carriage Company, Limited, for an issue of 250,000 shares of £1 each, being part of an issue of £350,000. The total capital is £500,000, and 150,000 shares are held in reserve. The present issue provides £50,000 working capital. The list closes on or before Wednesday 22 November at 4 P.M. for both town and country.

At the meeting on Tuesday, Mr. Isaac Liebes was able to give the shareholders of the Alaska Goldfields Limited a very encouraging account of the operations of the company and of the progress made. The report to be presented shortly will evidently be satisfactory, judging from the figures given by the chairman, and at £1 the shares of the company do not look anything like dear.

INSURANCE.

THE Valuation Returns of a life office tell far more about the progress and prospects of a company than the Annual Reports, and consequently deserve much closer attention. If an office is doing well the publication of its Valuation Returns frequently has a stimulating effect upon its new business, while if its position is unsatisfactory the preparation of these Returns and their transmission to the Board of Trade constitute a trying ordeal which the officials sometimes endeavour to make as little trying as possible by giving the minimum of publicity to the Returns.

The London Life Association is happy in being in the first of these two positions, although it is doubtful whether the publication of its valuation returns for the past three years will increase its business, since the leading idea of the association seems to be to hide its light under a bushel, and only those who deliberately look into life assurance for themselves are likely to

know that the London Life is a strong company giving its policy-holders excellent results. Its liabilities are now valued by the healthy males table with interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for all policies issued prior to 1 July, 1894, and with interest at 3 per cent. for participating policies issued since that date, and for policies without participating in profits. This means that liabilities to the extent of about £200,000 are valued on a 3 per cent. basis, while liabilities of over £4,000,000 are valued on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis. In the ordinary way $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a higher rate of interest than first-class offices assume, several valuing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and one even at 2 per cent. Of course the lower the rate of interest that is assumed the greater are the reserves and the better the prospects for future bonuses.

The business of the London Life is of a peculiar character, and for the older policies $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a quite adequate basis in spite of the fact that the average rate of interest yielded by the assets for the past three years was only £3 16s. 11d. The special character of the business is that high premiums are charged in the early years of assurance, and after seven years are reduced by bonuses by a very large proportion of the original premiums. This system leads to a misunderstanding of the company's figures when compared with other offices. In the first place it brings out an abnormally low expense ratio, only 4.6 per cent. of the premiums having been absorbed in expenses, and nothing at all in commission, which the office does not pay. The London Life is undoubtedly very economically managed, but the high premiums charged at the commencement of assurance is entered in the accounts as premiums throughout the whole period of policy existence, although policy-holders may as a matter of fact have no premiums at all to pay, owing to their having been extinguished by bonuses. To enter as premiums amounts that have never been received is quite correct book-keeping, but the result is to show the London Life in an unduly favourable position as compared with other offices. If the expenses were compared with the sum assured rather than with the premium paid the office would show up well, but not so well.

Another effect of this system is to bring out reserves for future expenses and profits at something like 66 per cent. of the premium income, as compared with a reserve of about 20 per cent. by most other companies. This enormous strength is in one sense more apparent than real, but it is necessary to provide for the maintenance in the future of the large abatement of premium, which is so conspicuous a feature of the company's business, and which makes it so good an office for policy-holders who are determined to keep their policies in force till death or maturity. Policy-holders who assured before 1855 are now not only paying no premiums, but are having 7 or 8 per cent. of the premium added each year to the sum assured, the additions being accumulated at 3 per cent. compound interest. Policies effected between 1855 and 1865 are now paying only 2 or 3 per cent. of the original premium, while later series of policy-holders are paying 17, 27, and 37 per cent. of the original premium respectively. These figures when carefully considered form a striking testimony to the merits of the London Life for ordinary straightforward life assurance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When Mr. Henson's article upon the Society of Jesus appeared in your issue of 14 October I addressed a short letter to you to protest against a definite and injurious statement which it contained, a pure question of fact. I had no intention of undertaking to reply to the whole of that writer's rhetorical indictment. I wrote simply to contradict the calumny that a Jesuit was bound by his Constitutions to commit a sin when his superior commanded him to do so. Apart from this serious misquotation I should not have considered an

article avowedly founded on a book like Canon Pennington's worth troubling you about, and it was with some surprise that subsequently, on looking into Crockford to see who Mr. Henson might be, I discovered that he was a Fellow of a distinguished Oxford College.

Mr. Henson now admits, if I rightly conceive him, that the controverted words supposed to be taken from the writings of S. Ignatius are a mistranslation. He also makes no attempt to produce justification for the other maxims cited, which I have characterised as "atrociously garbled." It would seem to follow naturally from this that Mr. Henson should in some way express regret for making a calumnious accusation on worthless evidence, or that he should at least accept my assurance that I and every other Jesuit regard with abhorrence the doctrine which he attributed to us. Instead of that, he has the meanness, I can use no other word, to insinuate that S. Ignatius and his followers have availed themselves intentionally of the ambiguity of the phrase "obligatio ad peccatum" in order to screen their sinister designs "under innocent formulæ." In other words Mr. Henson retracts nothing but his previous admission that Loyola was, at any rate, candid in his villainy. Now S. Ignatius is not merely a Jesuit, but he is a canonised saint of the Catholic Church. Does Mr. Henson realise that he is offering an insult to the whole Catholic body when he supposes that they honour yearly upon their altars a man who according to him was in plain English both a scoundrel and a hypocrite?

Hardly less astounding are Mr. Henson's own admissions. He was aware, it appears, in writing his article that Ranke inclined to an innocent interpretation of the passage quoted. He had also "read at the time the controversy in which some years ago Mr. Symonds was engaged" (does he mean Mr. Symonds' formal retraction in the "Fortnightly Review" of May 1893?). Further "Mr. Lilly's fascinating volume," which answers Mr. Symonds and explains the point at length, "is an old friend" of his. None the less Mr. Henson was not deterred from crediting the Jesuits with this atrocious doctrine, without qualification of any sort, and he even professed indignation at my "rashness" in challenging his accuracy. Surely if his memory of Mr. Lilly's lucid exposition was so very treacherous, I had some excuse for developing the point, even at the risk of "slaying the slain." I trust at any rate that Mr. Henson will not so readily forget the meaning of *obligatio ad peccatum* in future.

I am quite aware that in thus confining myself to one definite point of fact, I am making no answer to the argumentum ex infamia upon which Mr. Henson would prefer to base his indictment of the Jesuits. I have no desire to avoid the subject, and I hope to discuss it elsewhere, but there is no room for it in this place. To begin with, whereas Mr. Henson describes his article as "bristling with facts," I should describe it as bristling with unsupported assertions, many of which are palpably ridiculous and rejected by the moderate men of all schools of thought. He appeals to history. But to what writers of history? Is it to the "slight, popular and prejudiced," but "not contemptible" book of Canon Pennington, or is it to the "fascinating volume" of Mr. Lilly? Mr. Lilly is no Jesuit, but there is hardly one of the historical points, I fancy, which Mr. Henson raises in which Mr. Lilly would not take a diametrically opposite view. Or again, I ask would Mr. Henson go to Froude or to Lingard, to Motley or to Kervyn de Lettenhove, and so on? To show how Mr. Henson's mind is warped, he persists in this very letter in quoting words of Ranke's, which as my article pointed out, were cancelled by the great historian in his latest editions. Surely this is not the sort of man one looks to for a verdict on delicate points of historical criticism. Or again, could anything be more misleading, not to say untrue, than the assertion that "the best and not the worst elements of the Church are against the Jesuits"? How I wonder would Mr. Henson class such men as S. Philip Neri, S. Francis of Sales, or S. Vincent of Paul, or does he suppose that because S. Charles Borromeo in former times, or Cardinal Manning in our own, found themselves in conflict with the Society upon some point of opinion or discipline they therefore thought that the Jesuits were capable of

the basest of crimes and ought forthwith to be exterminated? Surely it is possible for one good man to differ from another in religion or politics without supposing his opponent to be a thief or a liar. As for Pascal, I can only say that there is no book of casuistry that ever was written, whether the author be a Jeremy Taylor, or a S. Alphonsus Liguori, which does not lend itself to attack, if an assailant is minded to put an evil construction on chance words and isolated sentences. Such men as Mr. Lilly and Dean Church, both possessed with the sincerest admiration for Pascal, admit that his presentment of Jesuit doctrine is "not even approximately fair."

But I have no intention of discussing the matter further and I can only apologise for having already occupied so much valuable space.—I remain, your obedient servant,
HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL CHILDREN'S BANQUET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ludgate Hill.

SIR,—May I make a special appeal to the generosity of your readers? For some years I have arranged an annual banquet to the Ragged School Children of London, and have supplemented it by a distribution of Christmas hampers to crippled boys and girls whose infirmities, of course, prevent them from enjoying the feast provided for their more robust brothers and sisters at the Guildhall.

This year I am again undertaking the work in the face of much difficulty.

There are fully 5,000 deserving crippled little ones in London, and, as one of the Sheriffs, I am particularly anxious that there should be no disappointment in my year of office.

That personal reason, however, is not the one that urges me to write, but the consciousness that in the patriotic fervour which is directing so many thousands of pounds to the relief of the sufferers through the present war, there may be a tendency to overlook the regular claims upon our purses.

I fear that among the Reservists, many of whom may be destined to fall in action, there are many who are the fathers of these cripples, and, therefore, I feel it my duty again to ask for the assistance of the public, in order that in their sad homes some consolation may be afforded at Christmas, if not, always, in the case of the widow or orphan, certainly in that of a family whose bread-winner has gone to the front in the cause of his country.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Crippled Children Fund at Ludgate Hill addressed to

Yours faithfully, W. P. TRELOAR,
Alderman and Sheriff.

"THE PRINCE OF ARMY CHAPLAINS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—They who like myself sympathise with the unfortunate Charles I. cannot fail to appreciate your bold and independent criticisms of the conduct of regicides. Strange to say, even Hugh Peters has enthusiastic supporters in certain journals of to-day! Mr. Gardiner, in idealising Cromwell, is of course compelled to defend his "Prince of Army Chaplains" oblivious of Sir Walter Scott, who knew a great deal more about the Great Rebellion than Carlyle. "His character" says Sir Walter, referring to Hugh Peters, "hovered between the hypocrite, knave, and enthusiast, and a hypochondriac. The Cavaliers imputed to him a great and habitual latitude in what the cant of the age called creature comforts."

A popular magazine, published in Edinburgh in 1862, gives a much worse account of Peters than I have given in my "Prince of Army Chaplains" which you noticed in your last issue. But probably, Sir Walter Scott's verdict will be accepted by the unprejudiced. Your reviewer has given me credit for hinting that the Great Rebellion was a precursor and prototype of other cataclysms. We are now fighting a South African "Cromwellian" army of saints, who wish to "possess

the earth" in those parts. So that the Cromwellian Tercentenary is, after a fashion, celebrating itself! Mr. Gardiner, in his account of Hugh Peters, omitted to notice that "the man after Cromwell's own heart" was (as I have given full evidence in my little work) sent over to Great Britain by the New England saints, in order to forward the revolution which had begun with the murder of Strafford and "the chaining up those biting beasts the Bishops."—Yours very truly,

GEO. COLOMB.

THE SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 Harley Place, Harley Street, N.W.

SIR,—I am sorry that incidentally I should have called forth a protest from your correspondent, Mr. T. J. Davies, on so hackneyed a subject as the definition and meaning of the word "symphony." It was a discussion that amused our grandfathers. As Mr. Davies observes the word "symphony," considered etymologically, has not much meaning, but he falls back on the association of the word with the masterpieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Brahms and others; that is to say I suppose symphony means for Mr. Davies a long work of many movements and having the character of lofty utterance. Apparently anything less "big" would not be called a symphony by Mr. Davies though it might be in sonata—or symphony—form. I cannot but admire the elasticity of Mr. Davies' sense of association, for does not the word symphony cover for him the works of Mozart (who did write a symphony in one movement) and Beethoven, of Haydn and Brahms—although these are totally different in the character of their music? So far from not preferring to call a spade a spade, I particularly urged in my "Chord" article that a symphony should be called a symphony even if written in one movement, for the simple reason that if that one movement is in symphony form the work is a symphony, whether the word quarrels or not with Mr. Davies' sense of association. And another aim of my article was to show that the symphony has never been a hard and fast musical form, but from the first has developed and is developing. If in the future it develops away from what may be called the symphony style (not a matter of musical form at all) perhaps Mr. Runciman or myself, or both, will invent a new name for it to please Mr. Davies. And then we shall not be calling a spade a spade and possibly Mr. Davies will rejoice at our discarding the only name by which such a work should be called.—Obediently yours,

EDWARD A. BAUGHAN.

THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Diocesan Training College, York, 7 November, 1899.

SIR,—I should like to add a word to the discussion initiated in his usual vigorous style by "J. F. R." on the state of music teaching. My own opinion, gained from long experience is that not twenty per cent. of the self-styled "teachers of music" have the faintest idea of the science of teaching. While the Government has for many years past recognised the fact that there are scientific principles underlying the art of teaching generally, and has insisted that all teachers in State schools shall be thoroughly grounded in those principles, those responsible for the training (sic) of music teachers have tried merely to turn out good executants or composers, trusting to luck for the rest.

Who that has had anything to do with school-work has not found that a brilliant scholar often makes a poor teacher, and that a poor student who has applied himself diligently to the art of teaching makes a splendid instructor in his limited sphere? How many of our music schools have special classes for training their students in the science of education? The consequence of this neglect is that young students leave the schools and call themselves "professors" and "teachers" when there is hardly an educational maxim which they do not break a dozen times in the course of every lesson. The waste

of effort on the part of both teacher and taught which thus goes on is enormous. Moreover the monopoly of important teaching posts which our big music schools at present enjoy is not conducive to the spread of real musical education. How often we find a young organist and choirmaster who has not even elementary notions of discipline! No wonder that the clergy often prefer their schoolmaster for the post, who, though not a musician perhaps, is, at any rate, a teacher. Besides, amid all the frothy rhetoric which has been expended over the question of "unqualified" teachers the fact is patent that many of our humbler undecorated teachers make better instructors in the elementary stages than their brethren with gorgeous diplomas, simply because they have not thought it beneath their dignity to apply a few elementary truths concerning teaching to their work. Teaching as an art is no longer in the empirical stage, and not before our music colleges have appreciated this truth will the term "teacher of music" cease to be a synonym for incapacity.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT T. WHITE, Mus.D.

A GERMAN LYRIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Blackburn.

SIR,—Here is yet another rendering of the "Ueber allen Gipfeln"—

The mountain tops, in golden
Sunlight dying,
Whisper of rest:
The forest-birds in silence
Now are lying
Each at its rest:
And motionless, by evening airs unshaken,
The forest crest:
Wait thou! and soon thou too
Shall from life's heavy dream awaken,
On the great Father's breast!

I am, yours, F. W. B. V.

"THE HARVEST OF PLUMES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The Warren," Coventry Park, Streatham,

8 November, 1899.

SIR,—Will you allow a woman to say a word in answer to Mr. Joseph Collinson's letter in your last issue?

Judging from the bitterness with which Mr. Collinson speaks of "feminine caprice," I conclude that he takes the usual narrow view which ignores the most obvious examples of cruelty near at hand, and loves to tilt at foreigners or women, on account of their depravity.

Mr. Collinson knows well that they who chiefly benefit from this "Harvest of Plumes" are the men engaged in the business of killing the birds. Let him appeal to them to desist. He may save himself the trouble, for their "caprice" for money-making would at once give the hypocritical reply "The demand causes us to continue."—Yours faithfully,

C. LEMAN HARE.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, 2 November, 1899.

SIR,—In your issue of 21st ult., I read your remarks, in reference to the feelings of Americans towards England. Speaking broadly, it is all a matter of race. All the Irish and their descendants and all men of Irish descent hate England. These men are very numerous here. Almost all Germans, their descendants, and men of German descent dislike England. These men are also very numerous in this country. The vast majority of Americans, who are of English stock, have an affection for England, as against any other European country. In a dispute between England and this country, their feelings of course, would be with their native land.

Yours respectfully, A. SPENCE.

REVIEWS.

RUBENS.

"Rubens. His Life, his Work and his Time." By Emile Michel. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Two vols. London: Heinemann. 1899. £2 2s.

RUBENS rose at four o'clock every morning and went forth to hear Mass. With a mind thus fortified and calmed he returned home to work till five o'clock in the evening with a break for the mid-day meal, at which he ate and drank with great temperance. He was the loving husband of a first and a second wife, a fond father, a man easily accessible and serviceable to acquaintances, as little jealous as a king towards other painters, a genial and interesting friend, a scholar, a diplomatist, the companion and loyal adviser of princes. The most prolific master among painters who ever lived, he was also the most punctual man of business, and one scrupulously honourable. Employing an army of assistants to cope with his vast commissions and appetite for design, he controlled and used them like his own hand, measured on a tariff the degree of his own intervention in a picture once he had furnished the sketch, accepted with superb assurance orders that would have filled singly the lifetime of artists less perfectly organised, and completed them with incredible despatch. He realised the dream of many painters in overleaping frequently the intervening stages of picture drudgery, of finishing with a fresh eye in the temper of the first sketch; but to do this he had to train his slaves to something of his own vigorous grasp of construction and royal ease of drawing. He stands among great men of the world in virtue of a perfect control over rare powers of mind, able to direct and divert them to this end or that with nice adaptation of means, unharassed temper, high probity dignity and self-possession.

"Rubens," said William Blake, "is a most outrageous demon." To Blake's kind, and we may say to English imagination generally, he can never be a sympathetic spirit. A prince of this world, he was unhampered by the brooding or terrifying presence of another; a fecund father of shapes beyond the measure of Zola's evangelists he did not curiously scrutinise their features, he never lamed himself in a wrestle with angels. To our moody twilight poetry with its dream heavens and haggard face to the daylight his serene noonday spirit was a stranger. His was the athlete's joy, and he exercises himself often in the sacred places of legend as if taking a turn with the dumbbells or trapeze. He will never be forgiven for this by the mystic mind even though his humanity expresses itself at times in magnanimous tenderness grief or passion. He is too much at ease in Zion; and in other regions where the saint the lover or the poet goes warily, he romps with his train of healthy roysterers who never know a pang. For all that the painter, even the English painter comes to him at last, foregoing his demand for profundity of sentiment, austerity of form and the grave virginal air of the art in its morning, to understand this superhuman outburst of the joy of life at the vintage time. Rubens gives us the spectacle of enormous force at a time when art is over-ripe and ought to be languid. Melancholy and inwardness were to settle down; but at the very end of a world the crescendo of the glory of the flesh instead of declining rang out in an unheard-of climax; and form, already drunken in writhing column and florid decoration, reeled off the stage not a paralytic but a giant. The tottering revel was painted so as to outdo the prime in strength by a sober business-like gentleman organised to do what he would with brushes.

They who wish to approach the art of Rubens across an initial distaste ought to read the frequent passages in Delacroix's journal devoted to his painting. They will begin to understand what a force and source this genius is for talents more thoughtful and scrupulous than himself. Or he may be approached on different sides by way of the less universal poets he has inspired; by Vandyck, thinning him out in a vein of elegance; by Watteau set up for life by a single picture, the "Garden of Love," by Gainsborough and the English landscapists provided for in the leisure of his declining years. It is

by such a circuit that we arrive at a measure of the man.

In the two fine volumes just published by Mr. Heinemann in an English translation, that learned writer M. Emile Michel gives us a full account of the master's life and works. He has swept into it his own earlier studies and those of a host of special students, checking the whole by a final review of the galleries. If the manner of telling the story is a little wanting in concision the illustration of all the sides of Rubens' life is ample and exact, and is a worthy monument of industry and taste. The reproduction of pictures and drawings is no less ample. Readers of the Life of Rembrandt, with which this is uniform, will know what to expect. Three hundred and fifty-two illustrations of different kinds make up a fair representation even of that vast production. To give so many it has been necessary that the general scale should be small, and the book can hardly rank with the same publisher's "Gainsborough" as an example of luxurious book-making. But for purposes of reference it is the more useful. The progress of Rubens' art is well illustrated when we put side by side three successive representations of the same scene, the "Raising of the Cross" given in the first volume. The lax arrangement of the first two is thrown over in the third for a magnificently simple design in which the whole composition is one heave of the cross by straining figures, and the white body lies offered to a bare sky with an eloquence surpassing the efforts at facial expression and bystanders' emotion in the first essays. For comparisons such as this these modern publications with their abundant photographic illustrations give us the opportunity, and their comparative cheapness makes them possible to a great many students. Rubens now takes his place beside the works on Rembrandt and Leonardo that Mr. Heinemann has given us in English form, and a renewed study of him ought to be a salutary and vivifying influence for English art.

A GENUINE ESSAYIST.

"The Decay of Sensibility." By Stephen Gwynn. London: Lane. 1900. 5s. net.

OUR pleasure in reading this volume of reprinted papers has been no whit lessened by the fact that some already were familiar. As pleasure is the only standard to which this kind of writing must conform, we add simply that the pleasure has been considerable and distinct in quality. Now that so many people write with ease and even knowledge on the fleets of Europe or the food supply, one likes to be reminded that the essay proper is still with us. Mr. Gwynn has not a few of the gifts that go to form the pure essayist. Most obvious of these is the gift of making criticism seem irrelevant. In point of fact what he has to say is not often debatable, but there is a feeling all the while that he might say anything he chose without offending us or provoking our contentious instincts. He not only puts the reader in a good temper, he convinces him further that the good temper is quite beyond ruffling. To do this is an amiable act, and the essayist who does it is in a fair way to achievement. The true essay, like the right sort of dinner, should induce that attitude of mind for which the points and angles of truth lose their sharpness without actually gaining in symmetry. As we read we should acquire the mood in which zeal for correction of our neighbours is absorbed in the sense of common frailty, this in turn being mitigated by the thought that most of us are excellent fellows when all is said. For the uniformly strenuous person, the person who cannot unbend, the delights of this attitude are a sealed book. The essay is not for him. Certainly he will not think much of Mr. Gwynn, who wins our heart on his first page by observing of Miss Austen, "I cannot forgive her her ideals, not even for the sake of her dislikes." Nor is this food for earnest spirits: "Man and wife are still a unit, as appears by the excitement when they become two." Not that Mr. Gwynn is frivolous as a rule. There is no straining for epigram; strain of every sort is pleasingly absent from his writing. Often he is humorous, but always in the

fitting way, the way of which we have the philosophy in his own agreeable little paper on the subject. His humour is the outcome of highly sane observation, of the mental balance which implies a fine sense of the incongruous. The same sense is effective in lighting up his impressions of nature. As naturalist he is very engaging. "The duck on dry land is low comedy personified; swimming, he is still a comedian, plump, roguish, affable, and twinkling. But when he takes to his wings he is one of the most picturesque things in creation." Touches like these abound, and make some pretty reading. There are serious things in the book too, and much acute and genial theorising. But there again Mr. Gwynn is the true essayist. His theorising is never cut and dried, never dogmatic. Thoughtful he is, often suggestive, but with a show of irresponsibility and colloquial lightness of tone. He can more or less explore a subject while appearing to sail round it. Sometimes the conversational manner holds him strongly, and our heads are visited with the kind of bolt a good talker will always let fly to draw out an argument, or to carry a point at all costs. Witness his plea for "the unaffected joys of dumpling." "I would let them burn all the works of Mr. Pater to preserve three or four novels by Sir Walter Besant." This is a clincher and no mistake. Thrown at one gravely and without warning, nothing could be more provocative; but the remark comes at the end of an essay, and by then the illusion of having dined is upon us. So far from being annoyed, we are delighted. The extravagance, the very air of random, gets propriety from the setting.

Throughout these essays the style is easy, graceful, and, like the matter, essentially modern. Tricks with words are avoided, and in this respect Mr. Gwynn is an attractive exception among the younger essayists. There is wholesome fresh air in all he writes, along with a pleasing strain of humanity and tenderness. Add to this that his pages bear some trace of that peculiar charm which is the salt of the essay. The masters in this part of literature enchant one with the sense of being in their confidence. Their minds take friendly and familiar shape before us, appearing as it were not in stiff portraiture, but with natural expression and in their every-day clothes. We do not rank Mr. Gwynn with the masters, but now and then in reading his book we suspect just a touch of this preserving quality.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SUDAN CAMPAIGN.

"The River War." By Winston Spencer Churchill. Edited by Colonel F. Rhodes. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1899. 36s.

"The Sudan Campaign, 1896-99." By "An Officer." London: Chapman and Hall. 1899. 10s. 6d.

THE momentous events now in progress tend to dwarf those of only yesterday, and books on the quite recent operations in Upper Egypt are almost ancient history. The whole subject indeed is somewhat threadbare, torn and worn by many various hands, and the two books which have just appeared will probably appeal to a rather indifferent public. Yet both the "Sudan Campaign" by "An Officer" and the "River War" by Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill deserve more than a passing notice. They have many blemishes, but they have their merits too, and both are useful contributions to our military literature. The first is the plain unvarnished tale of a soldier told in rather rough rugged manner but with directness and special knowledge, for, although it may be presumption to penetrate the writer's incognito, it is clearly shown that he was in a position of trust near the Sirdar throughout the campaign. Common gossip credits that distinguished soldier Hector Macdonald with the authorship, but there is strong internal evidence against this conclusion, and it is much more likely that the anonymous "Officer" is Sir Leslie Rundle who was the Sirdar's Chief of the Staff. There could be no question however of the hand that penned the "River War," even if Mr. Churchill's name was not on the title-page, for only this astonishing young man who has already brought himself into some prominence and of whom we shall probably hear much more, could have written these two ponderous and pretentious

volumes. Their perusal must leave the expert reader a prey to very mingled emotions: admiration at the writer's undoubted cleverness, amazement at his audacity, amusement at the simplicity with which he so often "gives himself away." There is no doubt that Mr. Churchill designed his work to be a monumental record, a comprehensive survey of the war from the rise of Mahdism to its extinction at Omdurman, and he was no doubt fairly well equipped for the task. He has inherited much of that marked faculty for assimilating facts which was so strongly developed in his father. Lord Randolph Churchill had few equals in the art of digesting a voluminous bluebook and mastering its essential details. His son is skilful in acquiring surface knowledge and by far the greater part of the "River War" is compounded of materials supplied by others. Mr. Churchill rewrites in his own peculiar fashion, annexingly freely and, as he no doubt sincerely believes, improving and illuminating the original texts given us by Charles Gordon, Colville, Wingate, Slatin Pacha and the whole army of writers official and private who have preceded him in the field. The compilation is admirably done; the narrative misses no important points; it is written brilliantly but a little jerkily, perhaps, in sentences so short and sharp that they hit like hailstones; it is in the main exact, and indeed Mr. Winston Churchill assures us its accuracy is unimpeachable, for those most competent to correct him have reviewed and revised the text. When he deals with matters at first hand, from his own personal observation, that is to say, as in the later phases of the war, he loses much of his power of selection and often becomes prolix and diffuse. The rôle of the war correspondent striking off snapshot impressions from the busy scene around is not the best preparation for the military historian. Undue stress is often laid by Mr. Churchill upon small stirring incidents and he is wanting in general breadth of view.

It is always more agreeable to praise than to blame, and precedence has been given to what is commendable in the "River War." The annoying feature in the book is the irrepressible egoism of its author, although even this might be greatly forgiven him as no more than the exuberance of self-sufficient youth. But the airs of infallibility he assumes are irritating; the freedom of his criticism and his unfailing readiness to condemn cannot be passed by without protest. He is perpetually finding fault is this "terrible cornet of horse." Nothing pleases him much; little is sacred to him, he spares neither persons nor things when in his precocious judgment he thinks they are wrong. He alternately chides and patronises the undoubtedly capable commander who must ever be the central figure of the war. "I discern no wonderful skill in the (Sirdar's) manoeuvres," he writes of the dispositions made by the practised leader in that crisis of the Omdurman fight when the flank attack on Macdonald necessitated a complete change of front, but he grudgingly admits that they were "those of a man entirely unmoved either by the emergency or scale of the event." He takes General Kitchener to task for his want of sympathy with his subordinates, accusing him of coldly throwing away the most trusted when the end was attained, yet he concedes him a high order of military talent, and points his approval by the italicised phrase that "in nearly three years of war nothing of any consequence went wrong." We may however leave Lord Kitchener's reputation to defend itself and pass on to protest against other crude and hasty verdicts passed by this self-constituted critic. Mr. Churchill discusses and disposes of many grave military problems with the easy flippancy of one who is entirely without responsibility. He has no great confidence in the method of advancement by selection, he denounces the present practice of conferring honours and rewards wholesale; he has his own opinion on the comparative merits of weapons of war and their projectiles, speaking with the same airy confidence of guns big and small, explosives and ammunition as though he were both a skilled artilleryman and a practised rifleman. Upon his own particular arm, the cavalry, he has the most pronounced views. "I left the Indian frontier an enthusiastic admirer of the lance; Egypt shook my convictions." We must treat his opinion with the respect due to one who rode in the

memorable charge of the 21st Lancers; yet something more than the experience of a "serre file" in one shock of battle is needed to upset views held on wider grounds. The British Government, the War Office, the whole military hierarchy whom he holds up to ineffable scorn may be left like Lord Kitchener to take care of themselves, but it is worth noting that the dissatisfied subaltern sometimes passes from the bitterest philippics into platitudes and childish digressions of his own. There ought to be no place in a serious work aiming, among other things, at the reform of administrative shortcomings for such fustian as the following—phrases taken at random through some 950 pages:—"Opportunity comes to few." "Liberty leads to license, restraint to tyranny." "The telescope is an invaluable aid to reconnaissance." "A bad man's dislike is but a doubtful evil; the dislike of a bad man is but a venial crime." Copybook headings are out of place in the mouth of a Daniel come to judgment.

If a balance were struck between the two books under notice it might be said that Mr. Churchill's serves for pleasure and "An Officer's" for profit. To the uninstructed the "River War" will no doubt be pleasing enough, and even the most critical will find in it much to interest and amuse. "An Officer" gives us a careful and complete chronicle from first to last, concentrating himself, after a brief survey of antecedent events, upon the Sirdar's progress from Akasheh in 1896 to Khartum in 1898, tracing him step by step through good and evil fortune, and there was much of both, the one greatly aided by the forethought and skilful working of the master mind of the general in chief command, the other conquered by a tenacious fixity of purpose that rose superior to many heavy blows of adverse fate. It is a statement of plain facts told evidently with authority and gaining weight therefrom, but the facts speak always for themselves, for the reader is left to draw his own conclusions unhampered and uninfluenced by rash comments or glib criticism. As a book of reference embodying the whole history of the war "An Officer's" account must have undoubtedly permanent value.

BOOKS OF THE "CHURCH CRISIS."

1. "Church and Faith, being Essays on the Teaching of the Church of England." London: Blackwood. 1899. 7s. 6d. net.
2. "The State and the Church." By the Hon. Arthur Elliot. London: Macmillan. 1899. 2s. 6d.
3. "The Catholic and Apostolic Church." Letters to his son by Roundell, first Earl of Selborne. London: Macmillan. 1899. 3s. 6d.

THE mass of controversial literature, and literature which owes such attention as the public extends to it mainly to the passions kindled by controversy, has received notable increase during the last two years. The parties in the Church are drawing themselves together, realising their distinctive aspirations, and setting out with such persuasiveness as they possess their theological and ecclesiastical "platforms." The modern fashion of combined authorship lends itself admirably to this process. The quality, weight, and tendency of the volume are revealed in the list of authors. Its circulation is ensured in advance by engaging the service of so many individual "followings." An excellent specimen of such composition is the substantial work just published under the auspices of the Bishop of Hereford. This impulsive and arbitrary prelate disclaims in his brief introductory essay any partisan character for the book, but his own name on the title-page will sufficiently discount the disclaimer. Dr. Percival was an eminent schoolmaster, and is a strenuous and devoted bishop, but the whole colour of his public action is that of the political and ecclesiastical partisan. In the earlier stages of the crisis, his "charge" was the most elaborately provocative pronouncement which issued from the Episcopate: and, with the best intentions in the world, he remains the most inveterate and unteachable partisan on the Bench. Having said this, we hasten to admit that this volume of essays has very substantial merits. It represents an alliance of the Evangelicals and the Latitudinarians against the High Church party. There is much variety

of standpoint and not a little mutual contradiction. Dr. Wace on "The First Principles of Protestantism" is learned, conciliatory, and relevant. Dean Farrar follows with a thin, intemperate, rhetorical, and provocative effusion, bristling with extravagances. "Our Church denies that there is any sacrifice in the Lord's Supper." The Holy Communion "is not once alluded to by S. John the divine in his Gospel." The famous Commission "was not addressed to priests at all, but to all Christians." Confession "contributes absolutely nothing to the cause of morality" and so forth. Dr. Wright on "The Voice of the Fathers" is learned and acute, but, as he limits himself to the first two centuries, he really evades the difficulty he aspires to meet. The earlier writers must be interpreted in such wise as to explain the assumptions of the later patristic literature. Mr. Bartlett on "the Catholic Church" serves up again the cold remains of his Bampton Lectures of 1888. Dr. Drury discusses the Lord's Supper temperately and reverently, but he would have some difficulty in justifying himself to the Dean of Canterbury. The thorny subject of the "Confessional" is treated by Mr. Meyrick with learning and moderation: and Dr. Moule sets forth the "Tests of True Religion" with characteristic persuasiveness. Probably the two essays which will most attract attention are those by Mr. Chancellor Smith on "The Laity of the Church of England" and by Mr. Montague Barlow on the establishment of the Church. There is nothing new or original in either, but the subjects dealt with are much debated at the present time and both writers set out their facts clearly and accurately. Mr. Smith practically endorses the programme of the "Church Reform League." He is sanguine enough to believe that "if a strenuous effort were made to obtain" an Act conferring extensive powers on the Convocations, "it is inconceivable that it would be seriously opposed." Faith can remove the mountains, but we confess that in our opinion nothing less will be requisite in order to carry through a project which, whether good or bad, is properly revolutionary. The proposal to blend the parochial and congregational principles in the constitution of Parochial Councils seems open to insuperable objections. It would be simpler and more effective within urban areas to repudiate the parochial system altogether. The crucial question of the Franchise is scarcely faced. A property or residence qualification would flood the vestry with non-religious or irreligious members; any ecclesiastical qualification would either reduce the members of the vestry to an insignificant fraction of the inhabitants or govern the Church by women. "So long as our Church retains its connexion with the State, the householder franchise, with a condition of Church membership super-added, appears to be the correct principle; and under that franchise qualified women would continue to be members of the vestry, as they are at present." But how could such an arrangement be justified on any ecclesiastical principle? And how would it satisfy the aspirations of religious reformers? Mr. Montague Barlow assumes throughout the continuity of the pre-Reformation Church. He could as a lawyer do nothing else. We notice a curious statement that "in Catholic countries the Church, as a rule, is not an established Church." What is the Roman Church but established in France, Austria, Spain, and Italy? Where is it non-established save in England, Ireland and America? It may be true that, in allowing the title "Supreme Head" to lapse, Elizabeth in no respect surrendered any authority which it had signified: nevertheless it is not true that "the question is entirely one of fact." It was and is a question of principle, and from that point of view Elizabeth's action was of quite cardinal importance. We agree with Mr. Barlow and Lord Selborne that there is no real distinction between the old Court of Delegate and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has replaced it: but we do not agree with Mr. Barlow in assuming that the legislative functions of the National Church are really comparable with the powers conceded by the legislature to the Great Eastern Railway or the Reform Club. It may be true that canons do not directly bind the laity but indirectly they do nothing less, for whatever controls the action of the clergy in their ministrations manifestly effects those to whom they minister. There is a certain

thinness in Mr. Montague Barlow's treatment of his subject, which detracts from the value of an essay which is certainly both well informed and well intentioned. Mr. J. T. Tomlinson adds an appendix on "The Reformation Settlement," which is expressed in a harder and more controversial tone than that adopted by most of the essayists. We notice one curious slip on p. 455: "Cranmer wrote ten years before Roger Bacon was born." It should, of course, be "Francis."

"The State and the Church" originally appeared in the English Citizen series seventeen years ago. It is republished now with an interesting Preface by the author, in which he reviews the existing situation. He rejects as wholly chimerical the notion that Disestablishment apart from Disendowment can ever take place. He points out that in Ireland the effect of ecclesiastical independence has been to intensify the "Protestantism" of the Church; and that in Scotland the much-envied autonomy of the Presbyterian Church has not averted disruption.

The late Lord Selborne combined with the highest legal eminence a wide knowledge of ecclesiastical history and a strong grasp of theological principles. This little volume of letters to his son on "The Catholic and Apostolic Church" is an admirable statement of the orthodox Anglican doctrine on that subject, and will be welcomed by many as a timely and valuable addition to religious literature.

"THE SLAVE" AND OTHER NOVELS.

"The Slave." By Robert Hichens. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

MR. HICHENS is a writer with three distinct gifts. The first is a keen appreciation of the absurd, and its value in humour: the second is a thin vein of the purely fantastic: and the third the journalist's gift for working up elaborate descriptions, item by item, of the unutterably commonplace. The three separate styles are in layers in this immense book, "The Slave," like the plum, sugar, and almond of a wedding-cake. Nowhere do they blend into an artistic whole. The one fantastic notion of Lady Caryll's mystic passion for jewels—a passion entirely removed from the mercenary—is spun out and dwelt upon and watered down until we weary of it to boredom. It is not nearly strong enough for the leading motive of an enormous novel. As a suggestive sketch, covering perhaps two hundred pages, the idea of the almost sexless beauty with her soul in her jewel-casket might hold some "allure," to use Mr. Hichens' remarkable and cherished noun. As it is, we hail almost with joy the "comic relief" of Lady St. Ormyn and her friends; when they come upon the scene we know that another layer of absurdity has been reached and our sympathies are given a respite from straining after the far-fetched. The genial rascal St. Ormyn who "made it his business to know personally as many of those he was going to ruin as possible" and "always patted men on the back directly he knew them" is charming. We see too little of him, though his wife makes up for that. We have no quarrel with Mr. Hichens when he tries to be funny. He generally succeeds. It is only a pity that he is funny so spasmodically, and puts his sense of humour away in his desk for fifty pages at a time. A little of it would have made even Lady Caryll's mysticism more human. But the principal exasperation of the book is in the journalistic element and its interminable descriptions. Nothing could be less like the general effect of Bond Street than Bond Street as Mr. Hichens sets forth to see it, flag by flag. It is as though an artist were to sit down and paint a crowd, with every button in every coat insisted upon, every wrinkle on the face of every crone brought into prominence. Our imagination is perpetually insulted. If an author tells us that his hero went from Notting Hill to the Marble Arch, we have a fairly clear idea of what happened to him. Mr. Hichens would probably help us by describing how the abominable emerald of the Bayswater omnibus drew strangely nearer and nearer, the tenpenny oil in its rusty lamp gleaming with curious allure! There is the less excuse for him in that few writers can hit off an impression in half a dozen words more cleverly than

he, when he condescends so far. Mr. Hichens needs a trusty friend with a strong pair of scissors.

"Valda Hânem." By Daisy Hugh Pryce. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

Yashmâks, flaming sunsets, dark eyes, aureoles of golden hair and consequent intrigues fill the pages of this new novel. In it is written the vindication and idealisation for all time of Turkish husbands; and Bluebeard, dread to us from nursery days, becomes a myth. The description of life in a harim, showing both its dreariness and its everyday cheerfulness, is interesting and instructive. We sympathise with the beautiful heroine, who stricken with love appeals for help to her servant and friend the young English governess. But the governess is stern in the cause of duty and unsympathetically remarks that she has "had no experience of that kind." The Pasha is a delightful person.

"Such is the Law." By Marie M. Sadlier. London: Greening. 1899. 6s.

An excellent and harmless soporific is "Such is the Law." The style is homespun, the agony lingering, but if illusion is followed by disillusion and disillusion by storm we know all will come right in the end when the glory of the setting sun shall "glint on the rippling hair" of virtue triumphant and the right man will kiss away the woman's tears. There are two morals to the tale: one points the iniquity of a law which permits a man to will his wealth away from his wife and children; the other emphasises the fact that great wealth entails great duties. "Such is the Law" is admirably adapted for the Sunday-afternoon reading of suburban households.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Law of Railway Companies." By S. H. Balfour Browne and H. S. Theobald. 3rd edition; by S. H. Balfour Browne and Frank Balfour Browne. London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. 1899. £2 2s.

A standard legal text-book should contain in a form convenient for reference everything that a practising barrister can desire to turn up in the elucidation of points connected with the particular branch of law that forms the subject of the book. This test is satisfied by Mr. Balfour Browne's well-known work on railway law which is now brought quite up to date. It is high time that it were. This, the third edition, at least will not have discounted its welcome by too hurried an appearance, as is very often the case with new editions of law books. This is the kind of text-book we want, for it is the work of one who knows his subject from every side by the teaching of practical experience.

"Railway Co-operation." By Charles S. Langstroth and Wilson Stilz. With Introduction by Martin F. Knapp. University of Pennsylvania. 1899.

This book consists of two separate prize essays on the subject of Railway Traffic Associations, and of the degree and form of co-operation that should be granted competing railways in the United States. They were considered studies of such exceptional value by the University that it was considered desirable to include them among the University Series in Political Economy and Public Law. A more magisterial decision could hardly be given on the value of this investigation. The subject is immensely more important in America than here, in proportion as the railway system there is larger and more complicated than ours; but the principles upon which the amalgamation of railways ought to be allowed have to be considered in England too from time to time; as in that of the most recent case the London Chatham and Dover and the South-Eastern Railways. We can thoroughly endorse the statement of the writer of the introduction, who is chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, that these essays are a valuable contribution to railway literature, and will be read with interest and profit by all who desire accurate knowledge of railway history and correct views of railway regulation. We may add that their interest is not less as a contribution to the social and political life of America which is so closely bound up with its railways.

Mr. Arthur Paterson in "Oliver Cromwell: his Life and Character" (London: Nisbet. 1899. 10s. net) shows himself fully aware of the fact that a new biography of the Protector is not called for. If it were, Mr. Paterson's chief qualifications for the task are a meritorious industry and an unblushing tendency to hero-worship. He aims at giving a narrative of Cromwell's personal life and motives; and seeks to prove that Cromwell was the most lovable, the most disinterested and the most remarkable of men. To Mr. Paterson "the judgment of posterity" which dares to call the actions and the motives of Cromwell in question, "is a strange and wonderful thing." Mr. Paterson's "judgment" clearly is of the "posterity" order.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

'Paris from 1800 to 1900.' Paris: Librairie Plon. 1899.

Few French publications have attracted more attention, or aroused more admiration of late, than the truly amazing work issued by the Librairie Plon, month by month, under the title of "Paris, from 1800 to 1900." It is edited by M. Charles Simond, a distinguished man of letters; among the contributors are MM. Berr, Calmettes, Claretie, Coppée, Houssaye, Carroumet, Mézières, Montorgueil and other flowers of the Institute and Academy; it will be complete in twenty parts. From the prefatory note we gather that it has been the editor's aim to base his work on purely documentary evidence; and, to accomplish it, he has spent years in libraries, museums and picture-galleries where, aided by their officials, he has discovered much that is curious and new. So successful has he been in his researches that M. Simond promises no less than two thousand pages with four thousand illustrations; and, in order that they may be used as a book of reference in years to come, he will have them bound together in three volumes—the first to cover thirty years, the second to deal with the stirring days of the Second Republic and Second Empire, the third to depict Paris under the reign of the present Republic. Still, it must not be thought that only the political life of these last hundred years is to be viewed and criticised by M. Simond and his collaborators. Determined to show Paris and her people as they were, her biographers supply plans and maps, lead you into the streets to catch a glimpse of pedlars and labourers, guide you to Montmartre—a rugged waste in 1800, with windmills but no cabarets. Then, they usher you into salons—"salons artistiques"—where great men and famous women assembled; through the foyers of the Comédie Française, and out into the streets again to peer at odd people and odd corners; striking figures in striking costumes strut about, now under the Porte St.-Martin, now in the Bois de Vincennes. Solemn ceremonies and gay fêtes are depicted; old caricatures are reproduced, carriages, coins and fashions are portrayed as they change. Nor is this all. Since every monthly part covers a period of five years, and as the reader may be confused as to an event or a date at the end of its perusal, M. Simond supplies, with true thoughtfulness, a diary for every twelvemonth. Here, every month—almost every day, is reviewed, briefly, of course, but clearly: a first night at the Comédie or a great ball, a startling murder or a sudden death. Other features are promised, but we have already reviewed enough. If M. Simond's vast work has a fault it is that it is too vast, too comprehensive and likely by its intense interest to take up too much of a busy man's time. Still, it is at once simple—amusing, too, as well as "instructive"—and, as it only costs two francs a number, there is no reason why it should not succeed.

"Clio." By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1899. 6f.

Anatole France has wandered into the old world, far across France—to ancient Greece. He lingers there, however, for but a brief while, then starts for Italy to study Cæsar, and afterwards, skipping centuries, he shares Napoleon's ship "Le Muiron" before Egypt. There, at least, are the scenes he has laid for the three chief sketches contained in his last new work "Clio." To review them exhaustively would be idle—indeed impossible—for they are delicate atoms, without either pronounced points or plot. Still, the style and descriptive passages are perfect—particularly in "Le Chanteur de Kymé," the first chapter in the book. "Il allait par le sentier qui suit le rivage le long des collines. Son front était nu, coupé de rides profondes et ceint d'un bandeau de laine rouge. Sur ses tempes les boucles blanches de ses cheveux flottaient au vent de la mer. Les flocons d'une barbe de neige se pressaient à son menton. Sa tunique et ses pieds nus avaient la couleur des chemins sur lesquels il errait depuis tant d'années. A son côté pendait une lyre grossière. On le nommait le Vieillard, on le nommait aussi le Chanteur." Soon, he sees "la blanche Kymé, sa patrie," and, then, the walls of his modest home. Mélantho welcomes him—his slave—by whom he has had many sons now dead, however, or far away. And, after he has eaten frugally, children come to learn his songs and to listen to his wisdom. But, one day, the "Vieillard" sets forth on a long journey to entertain the rich Mégés: for he is weary of his poverty and emulous almost of the prosperity of other men. Mégés greets him kindly; but soon the "Vieillard" is disgusted by the coarseness of the rich and by a brawl that takes place. Clasp his lyre to his breast, he goes forth, and—"A sa colère succédait une profonde lassitude et un âcre dégoût des hommes et de la vie. Le désir de se mêler aux dieux enflait sa poitrine. Une ombre douce, un silence amical et la paix de la nuit enveloppaient toutes choses. A l'occident, vers les contrées où l'on dit que flottent les ombres des morts, la lune divine, suspendue dans le ciel limpide, semait de fleurs argentées la mer souriante. Et le vieil Homère s'avança sur le haut promontoire jusqu'à ce que la terre, qui l'avait porté si longtemps, manquât sous ses pas."

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 November.

If Europe is to exist there must be an Austria in Europe. This is not exactly a prophecy, but the conclusion of M.

Charles Benoist's article on "L'Europe sans Autriche" in which he poses the question "Is Europe really menaced with the disappearance of Austria?" It is a secret known to none at present. There may be a crisis which will possibly only affect, at its beginning at any rate, the interior form of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy without changing its international and European relations. M. Ernest Daudet continues his account of the embassy of the Duc Decazes comprising the years 1820-1821. The letters of Decazes at this time are interesting for the details they contain of the proceedings connected with the divorce bill by George IV. against Queen Caroline when the people used to greet their sovereign with the cry "George! What have you done with your wife?" M. Daudet expresses not only his own but the generally received opinion that if the Queen's conduct is to be excused "c'est dans les procédés de son mari, dans les vices, dans les instincts abjects qu'il manifesta dès sa nuit de nocces." Decazes found like every other man who took part in this business that he was an object of suspicion both to the Whigs and the Tories, and he had a very troublesome time. The King's (Louis XVIII.) letters to him were opened and in reference to this the King quotes:

"Un roi pour ses sujets est un dieu qu'on révère.
Pour un commis anglais, c'est un homme ordinaire."

There are many other interesting details relating to the social life of the time, fashionable, artistic, literary and political which are piquant to an Englishman as coming from a French observer with so many opportunities of forming inside opinions.

"Revue de Paris." 15 November.

Lieutenant "X's" account of the attack and capitulation of Manila is biased by an evident partiality for the Spaniards, but it is nevertheless interesting and vivid. It is by far the most remarkable article in the "Revue de Paris" for 15 November. It takes the form of a diary, and deals with the events of each August day. The weather was bad and, in the beginning, time passed lazily and tediously: so lazily, in fact, that Lieutenant X. had leisure enough to jot down a number of unflattering and, to the reader, seemingly unjust criticisms of American manners and ways. Dewey, we are told, is worthless as an admiral; his men were arrogant and vain. And, after the capitulation, the soldiers from the States "became brutal" and "got drunk," while the volunteers who had enlisted without previous knowledge of the ways of war ill-treated the natives. Both before and after, the Spanish officers in Manila displayed great dignity and calm; many complained of the corruption and incapacity of the Government in Madrid, all behaved like "heroes" and "gentlemen." After viewing the foreign boats that waited before Manila, Lieutenant X. declares that England was all the time the "secret ally" of the Americans, and that she did "her best to aid them in every way." Ambiguous, this; but Lieutenant X. ought to know, for he evidently watched the scene from a French vessel—or was it, perhaps, from a Spanish man-of-war?

"Revue des Revues." 15 November.

According to M. Jules Delvaille—a well-known professor—a society has just been formed in France to found a number of retreats for the working classes, after the pattern of the People's Palace and Toynbee Hall. To stimulate those who have

(Continued on page 656.)

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regarded the idea dubiously, M. Delville (in the "Revue des Revues" for 15 November) gives a graphic and faithful description of the before-mentioned London retreats and also of those that have been successfully conducted in Germany and Belgium. The prospectus of the society—"la Société des Universités Populaires"—is at once promising and liberal. It proposes to give its patrons a library, billiard-room and fencing class; it will invite them to attend debating societies and "literary" evenings, at which prominent people will speak. And, of course, it makes an urgent appeal for funds. No less interesting is the article contributed to the same magazine by Captain Mallery, on the organisation of the English army. The Captain was sent to Aldershot by the Minister of War to study English military matters and, after some difficulty, obtained permission to record his impressions in print. He certainly observed closely, with the result that he cannot "deny" his "satisfaction" and "admiration."

"Revue Bleue." 15 November.

● M. Sevin-Desplaces' article on Mr. Chamberlain is naturally bitter, and, of course, it attacks the "member for Birmingham who, with Mr. Gladstone, once advised the abandonment of Egypt." The author, however, contests neither the "intelligence nor the extraordinary ability" of Mr. Chamberlain; but contents himself by condemning him as a mere "négociant" who only arrived at bringing about war by intimidating and threatening his colleagues in the Cabinet. The "injustice" of the campaign is the most vehemently condemned; and, in conclusion, M. Sevin-Desplaces ominously quotes the words of Pitt and Sheridan who, after Quiberon, predicted: "C'est à la fois le sang et l'honneur anglais qui vont couler."

For This Week's Books see page 659.

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MINE.

Number of feet driven, sunk, and risen	2,434 feet.
Quartz Mined	26,697	ons.
Less Waste Rock discarded	7,235	"
Quartz sent to Mill and Crushed	19,462 tons.

MILL.

Number of days working (125 stamps)	30'47 days.
Ore crushed	19,462 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	6,131'25 ozs.
Yield per ton	6'300 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tailings Treated	13,580 tons.
Yield in Bullion at 60s. per oz.	2,832'64 ozs.
Yield per ton treated	4'171 dwts.
Yield per ton (on basis of tonnage Milled)	2'911 dwts.
Working Cost per ton Treated	28. 5'706d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On basis of tonnage Milled—19,462 tons.

WORKING EXPENDITURE

	Working Cost.	Cost per ton.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining	6,847 18 4	7 0'447
Milling	2,735 2 5	2 9'729
Maintenance	1,171 4 7	1 2'443
General Charges (Mine)	945 14 11	0 11'862
Mine Development Redemption	3,892 5 0	1 8'728
Cyaniding	1,680 17 6	8 7'399
Fixed Charges (including Licenses, Insurances, &c.)	600 0 0	7'399
	17,873 5 9	18 4'408
Profit for Month	13,326 11 7	13 8'240
	£31,199 17 4	32 0'748

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gold from Mill, 6,131'25 ozs. at 73s. 5'793d. per oz.	22,527 1 4	23 1'797
Gold from Cyaniding, 2,832'64 ozs., at 60s. per oz.	8,497 16 0	8 8'793
Sundry Revenue	175 0 0	0 2'158
	£31,199 17 4	32 0'748

EXPENDITURE ON CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

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Machinery and Plant	602 0 5
Permanent Works	2,772 19 10
Mine Development	6,169 6 7
Reservoirs and Dams	64 10 0
Buildings	124 2 8
	9,733 8 6
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